

THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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THE DEVIL'S GLEN.

Miss Bannin Describes Most Charmingly the Famous Ravine which Bears the Name of His Satanic Lowness.

Some Pleasant Characteristics of the People of Wicklow.

COUNTRY LIFE.

We soon found we had come to the show farmhouse of the place. Our garden was divided from the road by a thick laurel hedge, so that, while ourselves concealed from view, we saw from our door all the tourists and passers by, and heard the conversations, often most amusing, of those outside.

Quite close to our house was the village postoffice, to which came, often twice a day, every inhabitant for miles around: the lord of the soil, the ladies from the manors, who, in the easy freedom of country life, mounted their horses and rode in garden hats and short walking dresses; the old farmer or his wife who came to look for a letter from the boy in America; everyone—down to the neat little children in nature's pretty shoes and stockings—came twice or so each day, not so much, I fancy, in expectation of letters as to see each other.

But it was on Sundays we paid most attention to the groups of farmers who invariably assembled outside our hedge, and, while awaiting the hour of last mass, discussed the weather, the crops, and the politics of the day. I wish some meetings of men in a higher class of life could always conduct discussions in the orderly and gravely polite manner of these Wicklow peasants. I remember one occasion when, in the course of a remarkably shrewd debate on topics of the hour, one man interrupted another, how quickly he was made sensible of his breach of good manners by "I beg your pardon—the discourse is with me." A natural courtesy of manner seemed habitual with the people around: during the whole time we stayed at the farmhouse we did not hear a rude or uncouth word from one to another of the family—a large one—nor, to their credit be it said, did we ever see a sign of drink on any of the men. The father, in his own way, preached a practical sermon on "Lead us not into temptation." On the occasion of some public amusements in the adjacent town, when all the other members of the family went to enjoy themselves, we noticed that the father alone remained at home. "Well, you see," said his good woman, "he found that when he went to the fairs and races all the friends were treating one another; himself couldn't but be as good as his neighbor, and maybe it's too much he'd be taking, so he made a resolution to stop at home altogether and not be going into the temptation."

THE INTELLIGENT FARMER.

A thoughtful, grave, and highly intelligent man Farmer O'— was, with those dark, shadowy eyes that always give one the idea of a refined mind. We delighted in a long talk with him as he looked after his farm work, a pet cat, which would follow him for miles, at his heels. He read a good deal of politics and history, and no one could tell better where to find all that was most beautiful and interesting in our daily excursions; where the most striking views were to be seen; where there was anything relating to the old times to be found. Yet this man was not one of the few rich farmers of the neighborhood; on the contrary, he could get from his land but a few acres in this place, a few acres in that, of anything but the best land; and all his own and his family's unceasing industry but barely enabled them to live, to keep their home, and pay the heavy rent to be met. One and all worked from daybreak till dark, and never did I see the old saying—

"Man's work is from sun to sun,
But woman's work is never done."

so thoroughly exemplified. Truly, the woman's work was unceasing: cleaning, whitewashing, farm work, dairy work, gardening, sewing—still always cheerful and neat, ready to enjoy with a heart and a half every little amusement that came in their way. What struck us as curious was that these country folks never seemed to like the idea of a good country walk. Every farmer, beyond the poor cottiers, had his jaunting car, and on Sundays the young people spent the afternoon visiting one neighbor or another. They, in their turn, were astonished beyond measure at our fancy for walking, and seriously remonstrated more than once on what they considered our terribly long walks, walks which, to practiced pedestrians, would seem but short rambles.

But what charming rambles! How can I in words give any idea of the beauties of even this one district in the county Wicklow? Truly a vast garden, with its great luxuriance of trees, its insurmountable hills and mountains, from the lofty, peaked, and rugged giant to the gently sloping ascent; its valleys, green and fertile; the marvelous variety and quantity of ferns, which, from the delicate maiden-hair to the palm like bracken, six feet high, grow in every nook and corner, hedgerow and copse, in each crevice of the walls. Wild flowers and fruits in such numbers and beauty that often the spoils we brought home from the "pohreens" rivalled the very choicest a garden could produce. "Glorious to God!" exclaimed a poor woman as we passed one day with our bouquets, "but the wild flowers that

grow around us on every side are far beyond the finest in the garden for beauty. Well it is for them that has the time and the heart to gather them!"

Our difficulty often was to decide which side to turn to for the daily excursion, EVERY ROAD ENTICING.

About ten minutes' walk brought us to the entrance of the far famed Devil's Glen—now, like the best of the country around, the property of Col. Tottenham, but formerly owned by the O'Byrnes, one of the great clans of Leinster. The entrance gates passed, and before gaining the Glen itself, we have a walk of a mile or so through the demesne, an exquisite sylvan park, rich in every beauty of wood, hill, and valley; the very saw mill at its entrance, a romantic retreat on the banks of a pretty lake. Often we sat for hours on the trunk of a tree in this shady spot, watching the woodmen as they tended the saws and converted into dead logs and planks the trees so lately living their mysterious life in some quiet glen. How we begone the branches, with their drooping leaves, always looked as they lay, hung aside, seeming to watch the stout trunk cut to pieces. No wonder the shiver that ran through them now and then sounded like sighs and tears. There are two rustic sounds I cannot bear—the creaking groan that bursts from a tree as the Woodman's axe gives it the last stroke, and the song of a lark shut up in a cage. The desperation with which the poor bird presses its heart against the bars in its effort to get out and up into the blue air, almost shrieking out its song and beating its wings in a wild appeal to be let free, gives one's heart a wrench.

However dead the logs about the Ashford saw mills may be, the birds are bright and free, and their songs sound happy on every side as we saunter along under the spreading trees, stopping from time to time as a vista opens before us, showing a rich sweep of valley below, or, high on the opposite rise of the wooded slopes, the picturesque Glenmore, a celebrated building which forms a striking spot in the landscape. Further on the trees open out to give a view of a pretty, homelike, model looking farm, with its gardens, orchards, farmyard as spick and span, and in a symmetrical order as the lovely farms we used, long ago, to get in big boxes of toys. A turn shows all this out, and the next vista gives just a glimpse of the river winding, gently on, an angle (most patient and hopeful of mortals) lying an enticing trout fly to his line and giving life to the quiet spot. Then the beautiful glades, reaching far in under the cool trees, with sunny spots now and again, and with endless variety and beauty of ivy, ferns, and flowers. All this forms the first scene on entrance to his Satanic Majesty's domain proper.

THE DEVIL'S GLEN.

—of all the curious and remarkable spots in Wicklow, perhaps the most strikingly beautiful and wonderful—is entered, first through large gates, then a few steps through a tunnel, like an opening in rocks, and the visitor is suddenly transported, as it were, into another land.

Evidently, in some far back age, this was one vast rocky mountain rent (I will listen to no talk about earthquakes or such material reasons) in two by supernatural force. The mountain was split in two was evident, for in one or two places left uncovered by trees or brushwood you can trace at the one side the mass of rock which would just fill up a gap facing it on the opposite side or wall of the mountain. The wild splendor of this ravine, about two miles long, is beyond my powers of word painting. It is sublime in its beauty. Its beauties, I should say, for there are to the very summits of the stupendous rocky walls at either side, every shape, color, size, and form of tree and shrub; now and again a channel worn down the mountain side by the winter torrent opens up a vista tempting you to go climbing up and up to see what world lies beyond; the underwood is one bewildering mass of bracken, lace fern, hart's tongue, ivy, and wild flowers of every season, while from the trees hang down wreaths and festoons of scented woodbine, blackberries, wild roses, and belladonna; rich clusters of the mountain ash, their brilliant scarlet relieving the masses of green; high, high overhead a strip of sunny blue sky. There are sweet sounds, too, on every side. The wood-pigeon's soft coo from the woods; the silvery, tinkling sound of innumerable tiny rills which come tripping down—here, there, and everywhere; through the moss and stones and trees, sometimes taking a short cut across our path, sometimes flowing down into a deep, clear well, and on making their way out underground to the bottom of the ravine, where—tumbling helter skelter along, whirling around rocks and dashing over all obstacles—the river rushes, now loud and noisy, again stopping quietly a moment to rest at a broad, shallow spot, and then start off afresh with a rush and a tumble, in its hurry to join the Vartry in the village below.

ABOUT TWO MILES OF THIS EXQUISITE SCENERY

passed, and we come to another gate, for the three totally different phases of this curious place are divided into separate scenes by large entrance gates at the spot where the character of each scene changes. This last change brings us unexpectedly from the deep, shadowy ravine, where the sunlight only flickers through the overhanging trees, into a wide, sunny space. A sharp rise of ground, and then we stop in charmed delight. We are in a vast amphitheatre and stand on the edge of a precipice. We have reached the head of the Glen, and right opposite to us, rushing in and bounding down the face of the other half of the ledge we stand on, is the cascade that foams and dashes from ledge to ledge, sending up a shower of sparkling spray as it at last makes its final leap into the basin below. The graceful waterfall is the centre figure in the wide amphitheatre which forms the closing scene in this truly beautiful spot, "The Head of the Glen." Day after day we spent there with ever increasing delight. Hour after hour was passed sitting on the brink of the abyss and facing the cascade; sometimes merely gazing around, full of satisfied enjoyment of such wealth of beauty on every side, often watching the

various groups of tourists and listening to their remarks—poetical, silly, sensible—all giving some insight into the character of the speaker. Then, when the first romantic feelings had a little subsided, what a spot for a delicious scramble! If you are a good climber, and have on the proper rough and tumble suit, comfortably well worn boots, and a soft hat, just cast yourself over the edge, and if, as I say, you are good at a scramble, you will have a delightful ten minutes of it before landing below. A swing out of a branch, then a little breathless run, ending in the frantic embrace of a tree; a few cautious steps, balancing yourself by the stem of a fern, and so on, down to the bed of the river. If you are not a good climber you will be down much more quickly, but it is less amusing. Once at the bottom of the ravine, a few light bounds from rock to rock and you perch yourself, high and dry, on a bush or right in the centre of the bed of the river—just the spot to rest and refresh before turning your face towards home.—*Mary Bannin in the Dublin Freeman.*

OUR OWN HELIGOLAND.

(Boston Pilot, July 5.)

Great Britain has agreed to surrender to Germany the little island in the North Sea which has been so long a menace to the latter power.

At the same time that this act of "international comity" is being consummated, Great Britain has begun to lay a cable from her mighty fortress at Halifax to another Heligoland off the coast of the United States, the little group of Bermuda Islands, only two days' sail from New York. These Islands, which possess no commercial value to Great Britain, are of incalculable importance to her politically, for they command our whole Atlantic sea-board, and are kept in a permanent condition of readiness for warlike purposes.

There is but one power against which England could ever use the immense naval and military resources which she has constantly prepared at Bermuda. That power is the United States. Commenting on this ominous state of affairs, our esteemed contemporary, the Boston Journal, well says:

"While our own authorities are indifferent, or implicitly relying on our 'common origin' and the after dinner talk about Anglo-Saxon fraternity to preserve friendly relations, England is conducting affairs in Bermuda as if any day might bring a declaration of war. No other interpretation can be put upon the armament and naval arsenal which England has for many years maintained upon these islands, than that they are intended to 'hold a pistol to the head' of the United States. If England values the friendship and good will of Germany sufficiently to surrender Heligoland, one of her own outposts, ought she not in consistency to surrender Bermuda to us? Such a proposition, if properly put to Lord Salisbury, might afford an admirable chance to test the sincerity of English professions of consideration for America."

The New York Herald also calls attention to another point of vantage held by our old enemy, namely, the port of Nassau, and the group of islands adjacent, which proved such a formidable depot for the Confederacy and its British allies during the late war. "The Rebellion," says the Herald, "would have ended a year earlier, and we should have saved hundreds of millions, but for the fact that the Confederate government made these islands a base of supplies."

Following so closely on Senator Blair's suggestion that England be invited to dismantle her fortresses on our borders, the points of our esteemed contemporaries are well taken. Mr. Blaine has the opportunity of his life, to make his term of office illustrious and his name immortal beside that of James Monroe, by proposing and enforcing another "doctrine," namely, that no foreign power shall be allowed to threaten America with fortifications on either our coasts or our borders.

It is hardly to be imagined that the "mother country," passionately fond as she is of her separated offspring, would fail to comply at once with such a reasonable proposition.

And if she should—!

Independent Nationalism.

(To the Editor.)

Like many of your correspondents, I am gratified by your plain-speaking regarding the present policy of the Parnellites. Any Home Rule that includes a lord lieutenant and the present "Castle" system of government would be illusory. The Parnellites may very well direct the Irish opinion of Canada, Australia and South Africa, but the United States stands on a different footing. Here we should have an independent organization, giving independent support and advice to the men of Ireland. A consultation of four or five men organized the F.B.; and there could easily be selected good conferees to organize an effective association for giving a national direction to Irish nationalism, and rescuing the country from practical extinction in everything but its name. The present paralysis is highly beneficial to Balfour and it would result in an unworthy settlement of the national question if Gladstone should return soon to power.

"When your heart is bad, and your head is bad, and you are bad clean through, what is needed?" asked a Sunday-school teacher of her class. "I know—Ayer's Sarsaparilla," answered a little girl, whose sick mother had recently been restored to health by that medicine.

The presence of dandruff indicates a diseased scalp, and if not cured, blanching of the hair and baldness will result. Hall's Hair Renewer will cure it.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

A Burlington Correspondent Deals with a Great Many Subjects that now Agitate the Public Mind.

Something About the Single Tax Theory.

(To the Editor.)

BURLINGTON, Ia., June 30.—Since the conversion of Gladstone by reading condensed copies of the *Irish World* and the conversion of Parnell to Gladstone's "integrity of the empire" policy, Ireland's political sky has appeared leaden, and the once impetuous tide of nationality sluggish if not stagnant. But there is, at least once a week, a wholesome, hope inspiring fulmination from No. 79 Dearborn street, whose echoes on Saturday, June 28, demonstrate that the soul of Ireland is neither dead nor dying—that there are other means than those relied on by Irishmen whose dalliance with the "mother of dead dogs" so emasculates them that they must leave important parliamentary "divisions" in order to recuperate at the Avon races, disgusting all friends of Ireland, and calling forth the indignant censure of the first patriot prelate that has ruled the See of Dublin since the glorious Saint Lawrence O'Tuathal. Thank God! Irish bishops are patriots again, as in the brave days of old—proud of Ireland and speaking the language of their race, *sic* Cashel of the Kings, Raphoe ruled by an O'Donnell, and the so-called "Mildens City" once more captured by an O'Doherty. It looks as though the caves of Innishowen were sending forth the spirits of the "spell-stricken band" to put Ireland in possession of that independence she enjoyed for tens of centuries before the Briton knew the use of clothes. Ireland must be a nation. Those who have studied Irish history and know a little of the Irish language can see the impossibility of surrendering her nationhood—or her right to be one of the United States of Europe. The Irish names of her battlefields, rivers, lakes, mountains, universities, are, in themselves an inspiration, and in spite of mutilation in the attempt to anglicize them remain a perpetual protest—a native army to dispute the sway of the alien. Let Ireland's friends drop parliamentary monkeying and, for the present, shun armed rebellion, but study the language, poetry, music and history of the race, and cultivate the friendship of any and every people likely to have an unpleasantness with England, whose an unpleasantness will be Ireland's opportunity. Let them put no faith in "leaders" whose education renders them incapable of leading. Let them remember that the people were always true, that the monarchs were generally glorious specimens of mankind; but that subjugation and cutthroat chiefs and "sell out" patriots have crucified every page of Irish history. Intelligent thought must precede successful action. Father Keegan need no longer feel lonesome. The seed he and a few others are sowing is increasing and multiplying, and in time will replenish the earth. Judge Brennan and Mr. J.W. Moore are valuable workers in other fields of our world wide campaign. Would there were more like them.

"Let us have peace" was the wise saying of America's great warrior. He knew that nothing is so conducive to peace as for your enemy to know you are prepared for war. Every young Irish American should be drilled, physically and mentally to do a soldier's duty for America if she needs him—against England if occasion arises. Yet there need be no war if, instead of Balfour's plan of multiplying the Irish landlords by ten or Parnell's plan of making them forty times as many, we make them as many as they are now. Bishop Lalor's declaration was headed—"The land of Ireland belongs to the people of Ireland," not to a few individual owners and oldest sons. Every man, woman and child would secure his or her share, by taxing in lieu of the annual value of the ground, in lieu of all other taxes, and applying the revenue to public uses. This would give everyone a chance to secure a home, and would do away with landlordism, for no one could afford to hold land and pay taxes on it without using it. Home Rule would, of necessity follow, home rule of the purest and most perfect kind; the smallest political division having control of its own revenues, while each individual owned a home. Once tried in Ireland the system will be adopted in England, Scotland and Wales. Then, as before the Anglo-Norman invasion, the people of the two islands will live neighborly, with no cause or inducement of cutting each others' throats or appropriating other peoples' land. The Irish don't want to punish the English for past crimes; they want them to cease murdering, plundering and oppressing those who never did them harm. The "Single Tax" will prove to be a great peace maker.

J. H.

Bishop Spalding at St. Mary's Academy, Notre Dame, Ind.

The Rev. John Lancaster Spalding presided and delivered the address at St. Mary's Academy of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind., at its annual commencement, June 23. Having complimented the work of the Sisters of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, he said that the position of women in all ages, since the beginning of the world, had been the position that the Southern planters gave their slaves. It was no better today than it was years ago. But in this country women had emancipated themselves; American women were more intelligent than American men. He turned solemnly to the graduates and told them that they must not make marriage

their main idea in life. They must get rid of the idea that marriage was anything but a constant sacrifice to duty on the part of the woman. "Why," he said, "a young man would laugh at you if you told him that marriage was to be his aim in life; he will not be dependent; he intends to start alone, and so can a woman; she can learn to battle for the prize of life. The old theory that a woman is like a flower, to be cherished only in her bloom, is exploded; she is no longer a creature to be loved and caressed when the bloom is on her cheeks, and then thrust aside. He demanded the highest education for women. The young girls of St. Mary's had received the key of culture; they could open their way to dazzling realms of light." The Bishop's words were applauded to the echo.

A SOLDIER'S CRITICISM.

[Journal U. S. Cavalry Association.]

"Warpath and Bivouac." By John F. Finerty.

Some months since, I had a conversation with an officer of a foreign service, a gentleman of distinction and experience, who made a criticism upon our military literature which may bear repetition.

In his opinion, there was a great deal in the way of translation which, under the most favorable view of the case, could not be expected to interest officers on the other side of the Atlantic, to whom the originals would be familiar; there was a considerable portion of theory, some of it of value, and an undue preponderance of reminiscence matter printed for the apparent purpose of correcting errors in the personal or regimental history of individuals or organizations taking part in the war of the rebellion, but, there seemed to be a great lack of the material from which the military student might learn the principles upon which we acted in the great question of the pacification of our savage tribes west of the Missouri, which could serve as lessons to the great nations now excited by a paroxysm of colonization and brought face to face with similar questions, and with equally savage tribes, in Africa and elsewhere.

The importance of the work accomplished by our little army in making civilization a possibility could not be overrated and should not be left to the search or through mouldy official reports in the latter half of the next century, but as summed now while notes and memoranda are still accessible to the participants in the great struggle.

There has been a certain amount of work already done in this line and among it may be mentioned such books as Dunn's "Massacres of the Mountains," and Fry's "Army Sacrifices," both excellent in their treatment of the subject, but open to the objection mentioned above that the authors relied more upon official data than upon personal observation. "Campaigning with Crook," by Capt. Charles King was bright and entertaining, and should have been followed up by more work of the same kind from the same author.

Finerty's book comes closer to supplying the needed link in the chain of our frontier military history than any other with which I am acquainted; it is to all intents and purposes a reproduction of the vivid and graphic letters which stamped him as one of the most observant critics who followed our expeditions in the Big Horn and Yellowstone country in 1876-77-78 and 1879.

The life of our soldiers, their hardships, privations and dangers are photographed with fidelity and in proper focus; the privations and dangers are given as a matter of course, are not magnified and are allowed to speak for themselves.

I am unable to do full justice to this book for two reasons. First I find that, influenced no doubt by the impulses of the strong friendship existing between us for so many years, Mr. Finerty has alluded to myself in several places in complimentary terms, and much against my inclination, I refrain from what, to people unacquainted with us both and with the circumstances of the case, would seem like a reciprocation of courtesies.

Another reason, and really the stronger one, is that some books cannot be reviewed, but must be read, and Finerty's is eminently one of these. It should be in every post library that our rising generation of cavalry and infantry soldiers might learn what their comrades did and suffered; and in every collection of books, public or private, wherein the history of our Nation's development is to be preserved and those who made that history honored.

Finerty criticized military movements freely and, in the main, in an able and judicious manner; he certainly tried to be fair and impartial and got his facts on the skirmish line, so that no one could complain of his inferences, no matter what they might be.

During the terrible march from the head of Heart River, Dakota, down to Red Cloud Agency, when officers and men were tramping without shelter and in rage, with a pitiless rain beating down upon them by day and by night, with no food but the flesh of our worn out horses, Finerty never lost his invariable good humor, and was as full of fight and enthusiasm at the finish as at the beginning of that dreadful campaign, which has no parallel in American or any other military history.

I was looking over my old note books recently—under the inspiration of Finerty's volume—and was surprised to see how many of our brave and loyal comrades of those trying days had joined the great majority. Crook, Crawford, Von

their memories, and, I am sure, all my old comrades will join me in saying, "Here's How" to Finerty.

JOHN G. BOURKE,
Captain, Third Cavalry.

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

A football match was played on the Stars' ground, Tuam, between the junior teams of the Tuam Stars and the Belclare C.S. Parnells, which resulted in a victory for the Belclare juniors by two goals and two points to three points for the Stars.

A hurling match was played at New-castle West recently between the Abbeyfeale and Gremagh teams. The play was good. Gremagh won by two goals to one point for their opponents.

The Granard and Abbaylara teams recently played a game of football in Granard—the latter team being the victors.

The medals and championship of the county Longford have been won by the Columba team.

The Bornaoola and Mohill Gaelic clubs recently struggled for the county Lettrim championship honors at Dromard, Bornaoola. The Mohill team won.

An exciting football match was played at Cavan recently between Butlerstown and Cavan teams, which resulted in a draw.

An interesting hurling match, under the auspices of the Father Sheehy County Board, was played off at Croom between the St. Michael's and Fedamore Hurling Clubs for the county championship. The match was played at Croom on a former occasion, but having ended unsatisfactorily, the board decided on having another trial between the teams. In the first half time some good play was witnessed, but in the second half and near its completion a dispute arose, and the referee decided on the point against Fedamore. The latter took umbrage and withdrawing from the field left the result of the contest another open question. The following county board members were present: Rev. Father Sheehy, P.P.; Rev. J. Ambrose, C.C.; Messrs. James Lyons, William Townsend, P. Kearney, Richard Gleeson, and Patrick Cooke.

The Aghaballogue hurlers defeated the Butevatt team after a good match at Malloy.

On June 23 a hurling match under the auspices of the city board was played in the park at Cork. The competing teams were the St. Finbarrs and the William O'Brien's (hurling). The score stood at the finish—St. Finbarrs, 7 goals 6 points; William O'Brien's, 1 goal.

The final tie in the county Carlow football championship was played between Carlow Town and Greccin at Grange. There was a very large crowd of people, who took a great interest in the game. At the end of the play Carlow was awarded the match by one point to nil. Mr. J. Dawson, Grange, endeavored to act fairly as referee.

A well contested match came off between the P. J. O'Brien's of Rhode and the Chas. J. Kickhams of Brackna, on the grounds of the former at Rhode, resulting in a decisive victory for the home team, the O'Brien's having scored 5 points and the Kickhams 1 point.

At a picturesque situated spot at Caherlag overlooking the Little Island, and attended with glorious weather, a hurling match in connection with the championships under the auspices of the county board, was brought off on Sunday fortnight. The contestants were the Aghada and the St. Mary's hurlers. Mr. Deering, who acted as referee in his usual efficient style, declared the Aghada men victors by 7 goals 3 points to 6 points.

The semi-final football match for championship under the O'Brien Board was played off at Castlepollen, Fermoy and Rathcormac being the opposing teams. At call of time the total was: Rathcormac 6 points; Fermoy nil. Mr. John Daly, Kilworth, acted as referee.

County Dublin Hurling and Football Champions.—As the above championships are nearing conclusion the increased interest of the public is becoming quite manifest. A large gathering of spectators attended at Clonsilla Park to witness two matches, which turned out to be very exciting and well contested ones. The following are the details: Erin's Pride vs. St. Patrick's (hurling)—Erin's Pride were declared the winners by 3 goals and 1 point to 1 goal and 2 goals. Young Ireland vs. C. J. Kickhams (football). This was one of the most important matches played up to the present in the championship, and it consequently created an unusual amount of interest.—The Young Ireland were declared the winners by a goal and three points to one point for the Kickhams.

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WESTMEATH.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

Author of "Hugh Ross, the Ribbonman," "The Fitzmaurice," "The Fortune of Maurice O'Donnell," "The Nollie, or the Last O'Donnell," "The Fugitive of Clonmel," "Etc., Etc., Etc."

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE RESCUE.

When the rescuers had surrounded the prison van, and torn Kevin thereout, the first thing done was to wrap him in a heavy flannel overcoat similar to that worn by Charley, and hurry him through the crowded streets, where to a second or two, and in the all pervading excitement, his identity was quickly lost.

"Follow me, Kevin, for your life," whispered Charley in his ear.

"Where to, Charley?"

"Never mind," said Charley; "follow me."

And accordingly the rescued prisoner quietly glided after him, unrecognized, through the hurrying crowds.

In pursuance of the plan sketched by the rescuers, and so far carried out, it was determined that the place of his hiding should be in the principal hotel of the town. It was easy enough to effect this, for the proprietor was friendly to the people—among whom his business found its largest clientele—and for this latter reason and for others was quite ready to fall into the plans of the leaders of the newly formed society. There was wisdom in the scheme, too, for being the most unlikely place that a fugitive would seek shelter in, it was the last that would be searched. There would, therefore, be time enough to find some means of getting him out of the country. Few would suspect the principal inn as his hiding place; and it was quite certain that every hut and cabin in the town and farmhouse in the country would be searched before the officers of the law would think of searching there.

When Charley, therefore, turned into the hotel, pushing its inner glass door before him quietly and collectedly, Kevin caught him by the arm.

"Where are you going, Charley? Sure, you are not going in here!"

"Yes, I am," said Charley. "Don't say a word, but follow me. Walk quietly and coolly after me."

They walked slowly and deliberately up the stairs, meeting no servant, for they were all out in the streets watching the curious and inexplicable tumult in the distance; but also meeting no proprietor.

"Where the deuce can he be?" thought Charley in dismay, as he walked up the stairs; "he promised to meet us here."

"Isn't this a strange place to come, Charley?" again whispered Kevin, as the uproar outside fell with renewed force on his ears.

"No, it's the best place—and the safest."

"Here?"

"Yes. We arranged it so. You will be safer here than elsewhere."

"I hope you're right," whispered the late prisoner doubtfully.

"I know I am. But the landlord should be here to meet us—confound him!"

"Did he promise?"

"Yes, he did. And he is absent now when every minute is worth a score. May the devil—but he will be here soon, Kevin; and meantime," said Charley, glancing into a sitting-room, "here's an empty apartment. Step in here, and we can lock the door and wait his return."

Pushing Kevin in before him, he quietly turned the lock in the door, and fastened themselves securely in the room.

"We're safe here, Kevin; we couldn't be safer unless—Hullo! Who's this?"

This exclamation was drawn from him, just as he turned to address his friend, after locking the door.

For—unseen, in the recess of the window, and in the heavy curtains that shaded it, a gentleman had been standing calling out to the street; and now, attracted by noises in his private sitting-room, he turned round to see who the intruders were.

As he did so his eyes rested on Kevin's face, and Kevin's on his, at one and the same moment.

The latter started back in dismay, carrying against his companion.

"It isn't possible, I meet you here, again," said the strange gentleman, advancing towards Kevin with outstretched hand.

"It is indeed," said Kevin hurriedly, hesitating to take, under the circumstances, the proffered hand, but finally doing so.

"When did you come here?"

"Some weeks ago."

"Well, this is certainly wonderful. I did not expect to meet you here!"

"When did you come?" asked Kevin, to break the awkwardness of the moment, and not clearly knowing what else to say.

"This evening. I have been attached, as military doctor, to the regiment here. I have not yet called on the colonel; but, having just dined, mean now to do so. And what do you here?"

"This," said Kevin, "is my native place."

"Ah, so I think I remember you telling me."

"I hope you sustained no injury after the fight in Paris."

"No. Thanks to you, my good friend, else I should have a different story to tell."

But," said he, with a sudden recurrence of thought, "what brought you back here? Did you get a release or—"

The strange gentleman did not finish his query, for at the moment a squadron of dragoons galloped hurriedly through the street outside, the crowds opening and making place for them—which incident catching on his attention diverted his thoughts in that direction.

"This seems a rather lively place," said he. "Are Irish towns usually as stormy as this?"

"No," said Kevin, while Charley laying his hand on his arm silently warned him to desist. But the latter stood his ground undebated the impatient touch.

"There is something unusual on foot, then?"

"What is it?"

"There might be? If Ireland is like this generally, I must say it deserves the reputation of being a hot spot. What is up now?"

"A prisoner's escape."

"Escaped?"

"Yes, from the soldiers."

"What was he?"

"A prisoner—sentenced to death!"

"For what? Murder?"

"No; for—"

"Who was he?"

"I'll tell you, Kevin, calmly—while his words fell with affright on his companion's ears."

"Kevin," he whispered, "for the love of God follow me. Fly, or you are lost. There is yet time. I shall lock the door, and prevent anyone following us!"

But Kevin unheeded his whisper; and declined to move. He felt, and truly, that chance of flight for him was lost.

"You!" cried the stranger in astonishment.

"My old luck has followed me. I was fated guilty of what my hands never did," said Kevin hurriedly. "I have been tried and sentenced. I have been rescued and I am here!"

"This is an awkward business. I am very sorry to hear it—very sorry to see you in this predicament," said the stranger gravely.

"I am in your hands—my life is in your hands," said Kevin in desperation.

"In my hands!" said the gentleman, with a quiet smile. "Way should it be in my hands? What have I to do with the matter?"

"As you belong to the army—and—"

Kevin paused—indeed not knowing what to say.

"If I belong to the service here," said the gentleman, anxious to remove an impression, which he was certain not that of arresting or detecting escaped prisoners—more particularly when that prisoner is one to whom I myself owe my life. I am not a policeman, remember."

"Then you won't—?" Charley was about to break in with a question, but halted after the first words, finding the query he was about to put an awkward one.

"I will not inform on your whereabouts you were about to say. Relieve your mind of that impression. I will not. I am in no way bound to do so. Quite the contrary. I shall be very glad—bearing you say you are innocent, and I am sure your words are true—to see you free. At least, if I cannot aid you, I shall do nothing to prevent it. And now, as this is an awkward meeting, I shall leave. If I can be of service, reckon upon me at any time. I trust we may yet meet under happier circumstances."

Saying which, the prison doctor once more shook hands with his former patient; left the apartment; stayed outside to kindle a light; and then cigar in mouth, with the easiest nonchalance possible, descended the stairs, and passed out into the street on his way to the barracks to report his arrival to the colonel.

But he had scarcely emerged into the street, when a sudden shock dashed not only the cigar from his lips, but the breath nearly out of his body.

"What the devil!—Where are you driving to after this confounded fashion?" exclaimed the doctor, catching him, for by the collar, of a little man who had bent down, had been rushing as fast as he could through the street, perfectly heedless of the crowds thereon, of the clamor or its cause, or of whose might be in his way—and in consequence of which rather inconsiderate proceeding had come full tilt with his head against the young gentleman's breast with great force. "What in the name of the furles makes you run in this way?—you confounded fool!"—at the same time shaking him roughly, and apparently not quite decided whether he should administer him there and then a very proper kicking.

Whatever hesitation he had as to this, he was quickly put an end to by the spiteful runner himself, who with quick impulsiveness tearing himself free, stepped back a pace or two, and, lifting his head, surveyed the gentleman for a moment.

"Tare and ages! It isn't you that's in it, is it, doctor? No, it can't be! Oh, doctor, honey," said the Lord himself, threw up in my way!"

"I should rather think," said the doctor angrily, for he had been butted against rather severely, "it was the devil threw you in my way, my friend. But stay!—who are you that happens to know me?"

"Ah, don't mind that now. You're the very man I want. I was hurrying for a doctor this minute. Glory be to God! that I came across you."

"Stay a moment! You're not—"

"Clareman? Indeed I am."

"And so you, too, are here?"

"Ah, doctor we haven't time to talk about that now; you're wanting badly."

"Where?"

"About three or four miles from here."

"Three or four miles! Nonsense, man, you must get another doctor."

"Fails I won't. Nobody must come but yourself. As I said before, 'twas God that threw you in my way. It's a case of murder, that's what it is."

"Murder!" echoed the doctor.

"That's what it is—murder and downing."

"What on earth have I to do with that? I don't know anything about the matter. I haven't been quite an hour in Athlone yet."

"Sorra may care! you must come. And we're waiting too long as it is."

"But what have I to do with a case of murder or downing. It's the police and the coroner that—"

"Hama mon dhoul!" said Phelim, with great insistence; "no, it's you that's wanting. You can save her life."

"How can I bring the dead to life?"

"Dead! Who said she was dead?"

"Isn't it a case of murder?"

"Tare and ages! to be sure it is."

"And downing?"

"Then what use could I be—even if I

could go, which I cannot. I cannot bring the dead to life."

"Bord an oul! Sure she's not dead."

"Then it isn't a case of murder."

"Sure it's all as one. 'Twould be murder if I didn't save her."

"I'm not clear that I understand you, even yet," said the doctor perplexedly, and making a movement as if he wanted to sheer off from his new acquaintance.

"Blessed Providence! this is how it is," said Phelim, breathless, afraid he should lose this fortunate chance of finding a doctor. "I am coming along the banks of the Shannon. I find a woman drowning in the river. I lift her out, and find that she was thrown in with the side of her head broken in. I learn that she can save a prisoner now in jail. An innocent man. You know him. Convict No. 25."

"No 25?" said the doctor, recurring to the interview up stairs.

"Ay, she knows he's innocent, and can prove it. 'Twas to keep her from proving it she was flung in, in my opinion."

"Where is this person?"

"A few miles from here. We'll be no time reaching it. Do, for God's sake, doctor—come!"

Phelim spoke, as he saw a softening of the doctor towards him, renewed his entreaties.

"How could we get there?"

"A car will take us in no time."

"Well, I suppose I had better go," said the doctor with no great eagerness. "Her head broken in, you say?"

"Ay, and it's only the mercy of God if she lives till we get there."

"Well I have no instruments or appliances. I see an apothecary's over the way. I shall probably get what I want there. Provide a car as quickly as possible. Here is a sovereign—"

"I have plenty of money—lots," said Phelim in rare delight, at the doctor's acquiescence and mentally blessing his stars at the fortunate meeting.

And without further ado, he hurried away, before the Englishman had time to take his hand out of his pocket.

"Well, this is a pretty nice experience of Ireland for one afternoon," thought the latter, as with difficulty he made his way through the tumultuous crowds, across the street to the apothecary's shop.

"First I rescued a prisoner under sentence of death, rescued from the law, and, apparently brought to the principal establishment in the town as a proper and fitting place to escape him. Next I brought—by an escaped convict, too!—a patient who has been both murdered and drowned at one and the same time. And all this before I am quite an hour in the place! If the rest of my period of service be as lively as this, I shall not die of ennui in Ireland at any rate."

When the doctor had completed his purchases in the shop, and had them parcelled up, he looked towards the door, and saw the uncouth face of Convict No. 27 looking towards them.

"I see you have made no delay," said he as he came out. "What's this you have got on the car?" pointing to a large bundle which was piled up thereon.

"Blankets," answered Phelim laconically.

"You have your thoughts about you at any rate," said the doctor admiringly. "Now drive on as quickly as you can, for I want to be back before the barracks close."

Phelim did not need to be told twice, and conveying the intention in a whisper to the driver, they took their seats, and as soon as they got free of the crowded streets, drove with great rapidity in the direction of the abandoned, cold stage.

There was but little spoken on the way.

Phelim spoke too busy thinking of the poor girl dying in the hut, and was filled with apprehensions lest she should die before they reached her.

The Englishman, on the other hand, was revolving in his mind the curious fact that here he was, before he had been more than a day in Ireland—and not much more than an hour in Athlone—the centre of some plot of which he knew nothing other than that there was murder and wrong and mystery in it.

"Well," he thought, "it is a nice beginning—and forced into it almost in spite of myself! I am a consummate fool—that's precisely what I am. However, I shall see the end of it now, as I am here. What an extraordinary land this is! And what an extremely active life my two precious convicts seem to be leading—with the noise almost around their necks. Stay! It's not right to say that, though; they saved my life once—and I owe them both a good turn for it. And I shall pay it!"

With which resolve, he dismissed all further annoying thoughts of his position; and, letting his eyes fall on the river, now sparkling with the stars that had crept out through the mists on high, wondered how it could look in the daylight, and whether he should, during the autumn days, have good fishing therein.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

"THOSE LIMERICK BELLS."

[To the Editor.]

MILWAUKEE, June 29.—I see by this week's CITIZEN that Mary Banim talks about these Limerick Bells. This brings the thought to my mind that Thomas Francis Meagher's famous word-picture of his history is never quoted. I do not even find it in his volume of speeches published in New York. I cannot now recall how it came to my memory. It ought not to be lost, and I trust some young reader of THE CITIZEN will commit it to memory and recite it at some commencement. I regard it as better, in a certain sense, than the apostrophe to the sword. Here it is:

"Near the City of Florence, in the shadow of the mountains of Elie, there lived, many generations since, a young workman, who was known in the valley of the Arno as Paolo, the young Campanaro. His craft was beautiful and most noble, he cast bells for the towers of church and convent, and made the air of Italy, from Etna to the Alps, musical with the harmonies he had wrought. But there were eight with silver tongues that surpassed in purity and depth of tone all the others he had fashioned, these he dedicated to the Church of Our Lady, which, on a cliff amid myrtles, olive trees and vines, overlooked the valley in which he lived, and loved, and worked."

Divine almost was the inspiration which

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CONFLICTING REPORTS

Concerning a Terrible Tornado at Fargo, N. D.

TELEGRAPH WIRES PROSTRATED

And Reliable News Hard to Obtain—Seven People Killed and Nineteen Wounded According to One Report—Many Buildings in the North Dakota City Badly Damaged by the Storm—A Train Blown from the Track.

MILWAUKEE, Wis., July 7.—Advices received at the office of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad company state that Fargo, N. D., was devastated by a tornado about 2 o'clock Monday morning and that many of the best buildings in the city were totally wrecked. Several people are reported killed and many injured. A Northern Pacific passenger train, consisting of twelve cars, was blown from the track, half a mile west of this city, injuring a number of passengers, some of them seriously. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul freight house was destroyed and its contents ruined. Telegraph wires were blown down and the city cut off from communication with the outside world for several hours. The elevator at Fenny was blown over on the main track, and the railroad authorities have reason for believing that havoc has been wrought all along the line. A wrecking outfit has left St. Paul for the scene of the wreck on the Northern Pacific near Fargo.

JAMESTOWN, N. D., July 8.—Reports received from Fargo late in the afternoon state that the town has not been seriously damaged, and that no lives have been lost. Several elevators are wrecked, and a Northern Pacific train was blown from the track, but nobody was killed on the wrecked train.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 8.—A telegram received here by General Superintendent Kimberly of the Northern Pacific from Jamestown, N. D., says the storm struck Fargo about 3 a. m. The roof was blown off the depot at Mapleton and one of the elevators at Dalrymple was moved from its base. The elevator at Edmonson, on the Jamestown & Northern branch was struck by lightning and burned. Wrecking forces are at work. A passenger train was overturned at Fargo but nobody was hurt.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., July 8.—The Western Union have just got a wire into Moorhead, across the river from Fargo, but it is loaded down with railroad business. The signal observer there has telegraphed Washington that several lives were lost in the cyclone and that thirteen were injured.

A Detroit, Minn., special to The Journal says: Your correspondent just arrived from Fargo. A terrible tornado struck the town early Monday morning. Seven are killed and nineteen wounded. A Northern Pacific train was blown from the track. Great destruction to buildings. Wheat was untouched.

DISASTER ON THE RAIL.

One Man Killed and Several Others Received Painful Injuries.

KANKAKEE, Ill., July 7.—An excursion train of fourteen cars from Texas was derailed at Montano, Ill., Monday morning. Doctors have been sent from here to the scene of the accident.

The excursionists were on the road to Milwaukee to attend the Knights of Pythias convocation. J. H. Crawford, of Waco, Tex., aged 30 years, was standing on the platform of one of the cars, and was thrown off, striking his head on the ties, which crushed his skull. He died within fifteen minutes.

List of Injured.

The wounded passengers were all in the East St. Louis car. They are: William J. Born, East St. Louis, bill clerk for Ohio and Mississippi railroad; double fracture of right leg. Miss Millie Dooley, East St. Louis; prostrated by nervous shock. T. W. Teague, East St. Louis; back injured. Capt. W. H. Sandusky, Central City, Ky., manager of eating house near New Orleans and Mississippi Valley railroad; foot and ankle sprained. Charles Lantz, Shelbyville, Ill.; shoulder sprained. Every car except three was derailed, several of them being dragged twenty feet away from the line. The excursionists were transferred to a special train about noon and sent to their destination.

FIRE ON A STEAMBOAT.

A Woman Burned to Death and Docks and Lumber Destroyed.

EAST TAWAS, Mich., July 7.—Late Sunday night the steamboat Sea Gull was discovered on fire. No means were at hand to extinguish the flames. The cook, Maggie Cornish, was unable to get ashore and was burned to death. The Sea Gull's lines were burned off and she drifted across the slip, setting fire to the steamboat Calvin, which, however, was saved. Further on the burning vessel set Emory's dock and mills on fire, and these were destroyed, the loss being \$30,000. The Lock & Stevens docks and Sibley & Bearinger's docks and lumber were also burned. The loss cannot be ascertained. Sixteen million feet of lumber were consumed. The Sea Gull is a total wreck.

Two People Burned to Death.

KENE, N. H., July 7.—A special to The Tribune from West Ridge says while W. E. Whitehouse was at church on Sunday his house took fire by the overturning of an oil stove. The only occupants at the time were a Mrs. Huse, and Mr. Whitehouse's youngest child. The flames vented the child's dress and it was burned to death. In attempting to save the child Mrs. Huse was so severely burned that she died.

Indiana White-Caps.

LOUISVILLE, July 7.—The White-Cap outrages have broken out afresh in Harrison county, Ind. Sunday night about 11 o'clock a band of nearly thirty visited the county poor house and took Superintendent John H. Denbow from his bed and gave him twenty-five lashes on his bare body. He was charged with mistreating the inmates. Hickory switches were used and he was very severely handled. His flesh was cut in places, and he was left bruised, bleeding and insensible.

They Poisoned Their Husbands.

VIENNA, July 7.—The trial of ten Hungarian women, charged several years ago with poisoning their husbands, has been concluded. Two of the prisoners were acquitted. Of the others four were sentenced to death, one to servitude for life, and three to fifteen years' imprisonment each.

A WELL KNOWN MAN GONE.

Death at Richmond, Va., of the Hon. Beverly Tucker.

RICHMOND, Va., July 5.—The Hon. Beverly Tucker died here Friday evening at 5 o'clock. He was born at Winchester, Va., June 8, 1830. He was, perhaps, as well known personally to leading politicians throughout the country as any man of his time. He was a nephew of John Randolph, of Roanoke. He was the editor of The Washington Sentinel from 1853 to 1856 and consul to Liverpool under President Buchanan. He visited England and Canada during the war on a special mission for the Confederate government. Since 1870 he has resided almost continually in Washington City. A few weeks ago he came here for treatment. His remains will be interred in this city.

A Rival to the Cracker Trust.

NEW YORK, July 5.—The American biscuit and manufacturing company, a Chicago corporation with a capital of \$100,000, and having factories in many of the large western cities, has secured an option on fourteen lots of land in this city and will probably purchase the ground on Tuesday for \$200,000. A building will be put up immediately which will contain ten ovens, with a capacity for using 600 barrels of flour a day. There will be room for ten more ovens, and 250 men will be employed. For delivery purposes 100 wagons will be used. The cracker trust, or what is known as the New York biscuit company, will then have a rival in this city as it already has in the west.

Had to Let Them Pass.

NEW YORK, July 5.—Eleven Poles, who arrived on the steamship Devonia Saturday morning, were detained at the barge office for several hours on suspicion of being contract laborers. They told the inspectors on board the vessel that they had worked in the mines at Wilkesbarre and Hazleton, Pa., but on examination at the barge office they stated that they had been sent for by friends. Nine of them asserted that their brothers had paid their passages, and the others that their uncles had footed the bill. They were discharged, as no evidence could be secured against them.

Will Have More Scouts.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 5.—In view of the recent indications of trouble with Cheyenne Indians, the war department has approved the request of Gen. Ruger, commanding the department of Dakota, to increase the number of Indian scouts at Fort Custer from six to thirty. This makes the third increase in the number of Indian scouts authorized during the present year. Gen. Ruger was previously authorized to organize a company of 100 scouts at Fort Keogh, Mont., in response to the urgent request from a number of officers who advocated the use of Indians as soldiers.

Educators in Council.

ST. PAUL, Minn., July 5.—Saturday morning's session of the national council of education opened with a good attendance. After prayer by Dr. Allen, of Illinois, business was taken up. John Hancock, of Ohio, reports from the committee on the co-education of the sexes, advancing many reasons in favor of the question. The conclusion arrived at by the committee is that the sexes should be educated together in all schools of general learning, and that the education in all essential particulars should be the same for both. About 2,000 teachers arrived Saturday.

Original Package Houses.

YANKTON, S. D., July 5.—Under constitutional prohibition ten or a dozen unbroken-package houses are running in Yankton, and beer and whisky are being sold and drunk openly. The brewery at Sioux Falls has started up, and others will, no doubt, follow soon. No local tax is being collected from the beer "joints," and there is some indignation because the local authorities do not act in the premises. There is no question of the right to impose and collect the tax, but the present lawless condition of things is the legitimate fruit of so-called prohibition.

Big Robbery of Jewelry.

BOSTON, July 5.—C. W. Loring, who has an office in the Marlborough building, 403 Washington street, is the agent of Howard & Co. and the Sterling company of New York, dealers in silverware and jewelry. Thursday night Mr. Loring closed his office as usual, and did not return till Saturday forenoon. When he arrived at his room he discovered that the lock had been picked, and that a large amount of jewelry and silverware, valued so far as can now be estimated, at least \$4,000, had been stolen.

McAuliffe and Slavin to Fight.

NEW YORK, July 5.—A London dispatch to The World says: McAuliffe and Slavin have agreed to fight in the rooms of the Ormonde club in the autumn for a purse of \$5,000 to the winner given by the club. Two thousand five hundred dollars will be forfeited to McAuliffe if there is a foul play on the part of Slavin. Lord Lonsdale will be stakeholder. Madden and McAuliffe will get \$1,500 expenses.

Killed by a Blow on the Neck.

BROOKLYN, July 5.—During a quarrel between Patrick Landrigan and Philip Kavanagh, a boarder in his house, the latter struck the former a powerful blow on the jugular vein which knocked him to the floor unconscious. Landrigan died before medical assistance arrived. Kavanagh was arraigned in court and held to await the action of the coroner.

Demand an Eight-Hour Day.

NEW YORK, July 5.—All the members of the United Order of American Stair Builders in New York, Brooklyn, and Jersey City, have made a demand for the enforcement of the eight-hour rule. The demand of the men was conceded by the bosses in New York and Brooklyn, but a number of the bosses in Jersey City refused to grant the men's demand.

For the Most Popular G. A. R. Man.

BOSTON, July 5.—The Globe offers a sword, furnished by Tiffany & Co., and costing \$1,000, as a gift to the most popular Grand Army man in the country. Anybody may vote on the coupons printed in The Globe. The voting began Saturday and will continue until about the middle of August.

Two Casualties at Washington City.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 5.—Mary Van Alstin, 5 years old, was Friday burned to death by her dress catching fire from matches and Charles Leichter had both eyes blown out by powder.

A Cloud-Burst in Richmond County, Wis.

FRIDAY, caused a loss of \$200,000. A number of bridges were washed away, and crops suffered greatly.

NETTIE CLARKE'S DOWNFALL.

She Commits Forgery to Help a Man Who Afterward Jilted Her.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 8.—Beautiful Nettie Clarke, the \$6,000 forger, made a sad picture in the Jefferson Market jail Monday. It is plain to be seen that she is undergoing an intense mental strain which if not soon ceased will destroy her mind. She has a startling story to tell, the prison officials do not doubt, and they think she will disclose it when brought before the Providence authorities. There is no longer any doubt that the girl was jilted by the very man for whom she committed the act that landed her in jail.

Married to Another Girl.

This man is Simon Alexander Smith, a native of Thomaston, Ga., who came to New York in the winter to study medicine in one of the numerous medical colleges in this city. When Miss Clark collected the \$6,000 from the Mechanics' Savings bank she sent by telegraph order \$1,000 to Smith, it is said. This was last Tuesday. On that night at 7 o'clock Smith was married to Miss Nellie Clark King, of 142 Twenty-sixth street, by Rev. Dr. Howard Crosby, at the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian church. The couple at once left for Thomaston, Ga., where they now are.

Something Unusual in a Strike.

CINCINNATI, July 8.—The yardmen of the Louisville and Nashville and Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis railways are on a strike for increased wages, and an unprecedented state of affairs exists in the fact that the companies have pressed in train men and clerks to do the yard work and hired colored roustabouts to handle the freight, and not a coupling pin has been drawn nor any attempt made on the part of the strikers to prevent trains from moving. How long this state of affairs will last is not easy to predict. The strikers are simply refusing to work, but not interfering with those who take their places.

Are Working Nine Hours a Day.

BOSTON, July 8.—A large number of the coopers of Boston and its vicinity have obtained the nine-hour labor day, without reduction of wages, to obtain which they organized three months ago. At a meeting of labor assembly 4,956 Monday night their committee reported that the following list of ten-hours' pay: Renter & Co., John R. Alley, Keane & Co., McCormack and J. South. The larger beer breweries have not been heard from, but they are expected to grant the demand.

Free Liquor for Texas.

COLLINSVILLE, Tex., July 8.—A train which went through Range creek bridge near here Sunday was loaded with beer and liquors. The natives from the surrounding country were not long in learning how much good stuff was going to waste, and in a few hours nearly the whole township was drunk. Barrels of liquor that went through the wreck intact were burst open by the mauling crowd, which literally swam in liquor. Officials tried to prevent the open defiance of the law, but were helpless.

Bismarck to American Students.

BERLIN, July 8.—In reply to an invitation by American students to Prince Bismarck to be present at their Fourth of July fetes at Rottingen, the ex-chancellor wrote in English: "Of four distinguished Americans to be honored by memorial tablets I had the privilege of counting two among my intimate friends—Motley and Bancroft. I am, therefore, doubly sorry that it is impossible for me to take part in your interesting ceremony."

Death of Rev. J. P. Conkey.

DEBQUE, Iowa, July 8.—The Rev. J. P. Conkey, a well known Presbyterian clergyman of Iowa, died at his residence in this city Monday morning after several weeks' illness. His age was 67 years. He was formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian church of this city. He was pastor at different times of two Presbyterian churches in Philadelphia. About six years ago he retired from the ministry owing to failing health.

Shut Up Scores of Saloons.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., July 8.—The license of every saloon here expired twenty days ago, and, pending the decision of the license board upon their applications for new permits their proprietors were allowed to keep their places open. Monday an order was given for every unlicensed place to close its doors at once, and it was obeyed under pressure of instant arrest and prosecution. Scores of saloons are now closed.

Two Women Fight a Duel.

KNOXVILLE, Tenn., July 8.—Nannie Libsinger and Stella Cole, two disputable women, fought a duel Monday morning with knives over a man named Matt Bradley. Libsinger was carved to pieces and instantly killed. The Cole woman was not seriously hurt. She is under arrest. The dead woman was raised at London, in this state; the Cole woman came from Cincinnati recently.

An Insult to Our Flag.

HAMILTON, Ont., July 8.—On Friday last at Mount Hope, Undertaker Joel Smith hoisted the stars and stripes over his residence in honor of the Fourth. A deputation of neighboring farmers requested its removal, but Smith declined, whereupon the flag was riddled with bullets and divided among the crowd. A second flag raised by Smith met a similar fate.

Explosion of Fire-Damp.

PITTSBURG, Pa., July 8.—By the explosion of fire-damp in the Suckerville mines, near Rankin Station, Pa., Monday, five miners were seriously but not fatally injured. Their names were: John Jones, William Spence, John Kelley, John Carr and Robert Craig. Their injuries consist of severe burns and bruises.

The St. Louis Ore and Steel Company.

ST. LOUIS, July 8.—The St. Louis Ore and Steel company has applied in the United States circuit court for a receiver. The bonded indebtedness of the company is \$2,700,000. This step is taken to prevent a multiplicity of suits and the attachment of the iron mountain and Pilot Knob properties.

Burned the County Records.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 8.—It is reported on good authority that the warring factions at Harlan court house Thursday night burned the court house with all the records. No confirmation is possible at present.

Death of a Fleet Racehorse.

NEW YORK, July 8.—The 3-year-old bay colt Lisdomy, by Lisbon, dam Patrimony, owned by Green B. Morris, died Monday of lockjaw.

HIS LAST ASCENSION.

Frightful Fall of Professor Black, an Aeronaut.

HIS PARACHUTE CATCHES ON FIRE,

And the Balloonist is Dashed to the Earth from a Great Distance—Fatal Result in New Jersey—Seventeen Sailors Supposed to Have Been Drowned—Burned to Death in a Michigan Hotel Fire.

BEARDSTOWN, Ill., July 5.—A dark shadow was cast over the events of Friday's celebration by a fatal accident to Professor Samuel Black, who made a balloon ascension at 5:30 o'clock. The aeronaut left the ground in what appeared to be fine style, everything seemingly being in good condition. When at a distance of about 400 feet he waved his hand to the spectators to indicate that he was about to make his descent. Instead of descending immediately, as he expected, he seemed to have some trouble in releasing the parachute from the balloon. A few moments later a thin sheet of smoke was seen issuing from the top of the parachute, which in a few seconds burst into a flame, severing the parachute from the balloon, and the horror-stricken crowd saw the aeronaut falling through the air at a frightful speed. Half an hour later his body was found terribly mangled about two miles from the scene of the ascent.

GREAT FALL OF RAIN.

Milford, N. J., Deluged by a Cloud-Burst—One Fatality.

MILFORD, N. J., July 5.—About 5 o'clock Friday afternoon there was a cloud-burst near this place and rain fell in great quantities. The heavy fall continued for two hours and a half, causing the creek at the eastern part of the town to overflow its high banks. The frame structure belonging to William Tests, a carpet manufacturer, was lifted from its foundation and borne down the creek against the iron suspension bridge at Bridge street and completely destroyed. The dam, the property of W. & E. Thomas, flour millers, was also washed away. Three children of William H. Slater, while attempting to reach the hill, were swept away by the current. Charles and Ada Slater, aged 17 and 19 years respectively, were rescued, but the youngest daughter, aged 9, was drowned.

Burned to Death.

EAST SAGINAW, Mich., July 5.—The Kinney hotel, a two-story brick on Washington avenue, was set on fire Friday afternoon by the lighting of a firecracker in a bedroom. The house was in flames almost immediately and James Benham was burned to death. He was a native of Canada, aged 28, and unmarried. John Miller was terribly burned about the face, neck, and head; Thomas Lynch was badly burned on the left hand; William Reagan, badly burned on hand and arm; Archie Kinney, the proprietor, badly burned on the head, neck, and arms. Loss, \$3,000; partially insured.

Disaster on the Deep.

PHILADELPHIA, July 5.—The Red Star steam tug International, Capt. A. T. Bernard, with a crew of seventeen men, is reported to have been sunk off Barnegat, Friday night, having been run down by a British tramp steamer. Her agents are totally unaware of such a calamity, but the report caused much uneasiness, coming from many different sources. The International left the breakwater Thursday morning bound to Boston, having in tow two large barges laden with coal. She is the largest steam tug afloat in America, and is like an ocean steamship.

Dumped Into the Water.

BATTLE CREEK, Mich., July 5.—A steamer dock at a Gogaw lake resort gave way Friday just as a crowd of thirty persons were about to board the boat. Twenty persons were precipitated into the water, which was several feet deep. A baby was crushed in the crowd under water, and may die. Three ladies were held under the water by the struggling crowd, and were saved with great difficulty. One old lady was badly injured. But for the prompt work of the steamer hands several persons would have drowned.

Two Women Frightfully Burned.

BOSTON, July 5.—At 9 o'clock Friday evening a lighted lamp in the hallway of Mrs. Catherine Waters' residence, 41 Webster street, Roxbury, exploded, inflicting injuries on Mrs. Waters, aged 45, and her sister, Miss Susan Garvin, aged 40. Their cries for help summoned assistance. They were found lying on the stairs in an unconscious condition, and with their clothing entirely burned from their bodies. They were taken to the city hospital where Mrs. Waters died about midnight. Miss Garvin cannot recover.

A Disastrous Collision.

DETROIT, July 5.—A special to The News from Petoskey, Mich., says: The dummy train running between here and Bay View collided at 12 o'clock Saturday with a freight train. The coach, which was full of passengers, was completely wrecked. It is not known yet how many were killed, but many are seriously injured. Particulars are meager.

Collision on the Rail.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., July 5.—A head-end collision between two freight trains occurred Saturday morning near Sparta, Ky., about fifty miles from this city on the Cincinnati branch of the Louisville and Nashville road. A. H. Hill and Henry Wilson, engineers, were both badly injured, and a brakeman, name not learned, slightly hurt.

Nearly Decapitated by a Cannon.

ITHACA, N. Y., July 5.—Almus Wilcox, 20, was killed at Danby, this county, by the premature discharge of a cannon, the weapon rebounded and nearly decapitated him. William Nilsson, of this city, had his right hand torn off at Elmira by a cannon cracker, which exploded before he had time to throw it away.

Fatally Shot While Celebrating.

NORWALK DEPOT, Ohio, July 5.—Robert Thompson, a yard brakeman of the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern railroad, was fatally shot Friday morning by John C. Costello, who accidentally emptied the contents of a shotgun into Thompson's bowels. They were celebrating the Fourth.

The passenger rate war has been renewed at Kansas City, the Alton making a cut of \$16.70 to Chicago and return.

T-REY OUTRAN THE FLOOD.

A Race for Life with a Boaring Torrent in Nevada.

CARSON, Nev., July 8.—Price's reservoir near here gave way Sunday evening and a wall of water thirty feet high came sweeping down the ravine. Three men saw it coming and gave the alarm, so that no lives were lost. They had a close race for life, as the water was not over 300 yards behind. The flood was checked for a moment by putting rocks into the flume, but it soon crashed through, the water leaping 100 feet at one bound.

A Ranchman's Escape.

The delay, however, gave the men a chance to climb up the side of the ravine, and the great wall of water went roaring by. They found a band of gypsies, and one was sent on horseback to warn Mr. Price on the ranch below. He arrived in time, and safely removed the family. The flood swept the ranch building away, and piled the debris on the railway track, delaying trains fifteen hours.

Four Men Mysteriously Missing.

ARCADE, N. Y., July 8.—Four men are reported missing from this vicinity since July 4. Clayton Tarbel, a hotel proprietor of Rutherford, disappeared on the night of the Fourth. He is said to be deeply in debt. Earl Brown, a hardware dealer at Farmersville Station, left home the morning of the Fourth, leaving a letter to his wife that he would not return. Henry Smith, a stock dealer of Fairview, left home on the Fourth and the same night the recently young wife of his hired man also disappeared. John Nicholas, an octogenarian Welshman of Sandusky, Cattaraugus county, who was married about six or eight weeks ago to a widow of 75, disappeared a few days ago, and is thought to have gone back to Wales.

Contested Election Cases.

WASHINGTON CITY, July 8.—Two more contested election cases were decided by the house committee on elections Tuesday. These were the cases of Hill, Republican, against Catchings, Democrat, from the Third Mississippi district, and Kernaghan, Republican, against Hooker, Democrat, from the Seventh Mississippi district. In each case the committee decided in favor of the Democratic contestant. The case of Goodrich against Bullock, from the Second Florida district, was discussed by the committee, but action on it was postponed for a week. The Republican members of the committee seemed to be in favor of seating Mr. Goodrich.

The Wrong Time to Light a Match.

CARLEISLE, Pa., July 8.—David Stauffer, living near Hagerstown, was frightfully burned in a singular manner and will probably die. Stauffer, while crossing a field of new mown hay lighted a cigarette. He held the match in his fingers until it burned them and he was obliged to let it drop on some dry hay. The fire spread rapidly and Stauffer fought the fire until he was exhausted and became unconscious, remaining in that condition for several hours. He was terribly burned about the head and body, as was also his mother, who with neighbors ran to his assistance. About ten acres of hay were destroyed.

London Police Troubles.

LONDON, July 8.—Two of the dissatisfied policemen have been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment for having assaulted officers while performing their duties. The men are already weakening and, unorganized as they are, a general strike is not likely to occur, but isolated disturbances are anticipated before matters return to their normal condition. The dismissed constables are petitioning the authorities to condone their offenses and reinstate them in their lost positions. The entire metropolitan force is either on duty or prepared to report for duty, none of the men having struck.

An Indian Murderer Removed.

CHAMBERLAIN, S. S., July 8.—Several days ago D. W. Spalding, clerk of the courts for this county, accompanied by an Indian named Nogay, left here for the interior of the reservation for the purpose of prospecting for coal. Intense excitement was caused in this city Monday by the report brought here that Mr. Spalding and his companion had been killed by Indians.

Will Be Lynched Shortly.

JACKSONVILLE, Fla., July 8.—A special to The Times-Union from Live Oak says: A notorious negro outlaw, supposed to be Bob Brewer, the Jessup murderer, who also shot a deputy sheriff at Boardman last week, was captured in this county Sunday night by Sheriff Potsdamer and Deputy Tedder. He is now in the Suwanee county jail.

Horrible Story from Wiesbaden.

WIESBADEN, July 8.—The body of Levia Meril, who was believed to have died in a hysterical fit, was placed in a vault Thursday. Saturday the body was found completely turned in the casket, and the startling discovery was made that the supposed dead woman had given birth to a child, which was of course dead.

The Panic in Montevideo.

MONTVIDEO, July 8.—The financial panic in this city continues unabated. The government in order to prevent a run on the banks resorted to the expedient of declaring Monday a national holiday. Relief is looked for as soon as the \$1,500,000 in gold now en route from Buenos Ayres arrives.

Death of P. D. Wigginton.

SAN FRANCISCO, July 8.—P. D. Wigginton died at his home in Oakland after a short illness. He was at one time the candidate of the American party for congress as a representative of California.

Explosion of Giant Power.

SALT LAKE, Utah, July 8.—A quantity of giant powder and other explosives exploded at the railroad depot at Milford. The freight house was blown to pieces and the building fired. The loss is very heavy.

A Progressive African King.

LONDON, July 8.—It is stated that King Mwaanga, of Uganda, is to send twenty young natives of his kingdom to London to study the hospital system of England.

The First Steamer on the Mississippi.

In the year 1811 Nicholas J. Roosevelt built a steamer at Pittsburg, after first getting a permit from Fulton and Livingston. Fulton furnished the plans for the boat, which was called the New Orleans. It was a stern wheeler of about 200 tons burden, and was also propelled by a single screw.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

The Indians refuse to be enumerated for the census, believing it will result in a shortening of their rations, and declare they will fight before they will give in. The city of Hamburg has a surplus of \$2,500,000.

One hundred persons were poisoned by eating ice cream at a church picnic at Worcester, Mass., Saturday.

Ira and Daler Gauger, two sons of William Gauger, of Waynesboro, Pa., aged 9 and 14 years, respectively, were drowned in the Antietam creek while fishing. Ira fell in and Daler tried to save him.

The trunk of a female child about 1 month old was found Sunday on the beach at Hunt's point, near New York city. The head end legs had been cut off.

David Dudley Field will preside at the universal peace congress which meets at London, July 14.

The territory acquired by England in Africa by her treaty with Germany is estimated at 650,000 square miles.

Mrs. Emory Dutton, of Miltonvale, Kan., was kicked to death by her horse Saturday.

James McDonald, of What Cheer, Iowa, was killed Saturday by falling down a flight of stairs, breaking his neck.

Mrs. Catherine Walters and Miss Susan Garvin, of Roxbury, were fatally burned by the explosion of a lamp.

The government weather crop bulletin reports wheat, oats and barley heading and corn in good condition.

Up to the end of May, 1890, the imperial German mints had coined \$60,000,000 in gold and \$113,000,000 in silver.

Frank Crosby, of Detroit, started off for a debauch two weeks ago, and Sunday while trying to catch a train at Erie, Pa., fell and had a leg cut off and was otherwise mangled.

Mike McCabe stabbed William Engle in a Green Bay saloon in a row over the explosion of a firecracker. Engle may live, and McCabe is under arrest.

Speculators have bought up nearly all of the land in the little island of Heligoland that is available for habitation.

tenant offered a year's rent, one hundred and thirty five pounds, but the offer was refused, and the eviction carried out. Emergency men were placed in possession.

MEMBER FOR EAST CLARE.

Mr. Cox, M.P., has received a letter from the Most Rev. Dr. McRedmond, bishop of Killaloe, informing him that he has received from the Clare men at Sydney, through Mr. C. Duffy, a valuable piece of jewelry and a beautiful album for presentation to the member for East Clare. The idea of this presentation was originated with the Clare men when Mr. Cox was in Sydney some months ago. Cox was in Clare occupy an influential position in the capital of New South Wales, and on the advent of Mr. Cox among them they decided to present him, as one of the members for their native county, with some token of their respect and regard.

PROHIBITING BONFIRES.

A Cashel correspondent writes—Much indignation is felt at the action of the police in prohibiting the lighting of bonfires here this evening—a custom on St. John's Eve as old as the Rock of Cashel. The police, armed with batons and blackthorns, went round in batches of two to six warning the children who were lighting the fires to desist or take the consequences.

PROSPERITY OF TIPPERARY.

The quarterly fair held was one of the largest ever held in the town. Usually Mr. Smith Barry receives a fair sum on such occasions in the shape of tolls, but yesterday the people in most cases evaded the emergency toll collectors.

VEGETATION IN IRELAND.

An instance of the extreme favorableness of the present season for vegetation, we may mention that turnips sown on Saturday week in a field at Birdhill, Clonmel, the residence of George Gough, Esq., by that gentleman's gardener, Mr. Bulfinch, appeared well above ground on the following Monday morning, or within considerably less than forty eight hours.—*Chronicle.*

LIMERICK GUARDIANS.

The Limerick Board of Guardians passed a resolution expressing a hope that the Irish Boards of Guardians might be empowered to defray the cost of supplying newspapers and books to the inmates, as in England. Mr. Gabbett alone dissented, saying that the practice would make the workhouse a reading or political society.

APPEALS.

The appeals of Mr. Fisher, of the *Manchester Express* and Mr. C. Redmond, of the *Waterford News*, against sentences passed upon them under the Criminal Code, came on for hearing before his honor Judge Waters, who announced that he would not deliver his decision in these cases until next quarter sessions.

CHARGED WITH MURDER.

Patrick Hackett, the second prisoner charged with the murder of Patrick Flaherty, Heirhill, near Ballyheigue, on Aug. 31, 1888, was brought up on remand on June 19, before Mr. R. McCowan, J.P., and on the application of District Inspector Newell, was further remanded. Butt Sullivan, who was arrested some weeks ago for the same murder, was also brought up, and on the application of Mr. Newell, D.L., was further remanded for a week.

SENTENCED TO TWO YEARS.

A man named McArdam was convicted at the Limerick quarter sessions of having fraudulently obtained a quantity of goods from Mr. L. Ryan, jeweler, of Limerick, and sentenced to two years imprisonment. McArdam has spent 23 years in jail.

STOWAWAYS DISCOVERED.

Thirty five stowaways were discovered on board the ship *Lough Linnah*, which left Limerick for New York recently. Fifteen of them were sent back by a tug boat and the remainder by a homeward bound vessel.

"SHADOWED"

Constables were engaged in shadowing Captain Toole, mayor of Waterford, and Ald. Redmond, while walking through the streets of Dungarvan recently.

TOOK THEIR NAMES.

The names of the Cashel town commissioners were voted by policemen as they went into the boardroom for their ordinary meeting.

EVICTED.

Frederick Hobson, subsheriff for the county Limerick, with bailiffs and police, proceeded to Crough West to evict a tenant named Michael Leithan, at the suit of his landlord, the Rev. Mr. Waller.

MOONLIGHTING IN BROAD DAYLIGHT.

It is reported that twenty or thirty disguised and partly armed moonlighters paid a visit about the hour of noon on Saturday to Renshaw Bog, in the New market district, county Cork, where they met the bog ranger, a man named McCarthy, and treated him to some rough handling.

CHARGE OF FIRING.

The two charges brought against Mr. Michael Studdert Gibson of having fired at with intent to maim the person of Thomas Leyden, and for having fired his gun within the prescribed limit of the public road, were heard before the magistrates at Ennis petty sessions, and the former charge was dismissed, but Mr. Gibson was fined 10s on the second charge.

MURDERED.

A number of militiamen of the Fifth Battalion Royal Munster Fusiliers, at Limerick, murdered. Many were placed under arrest.

MOUNT MELLERAY.

A correspondent writes, "In accordance with time honored custom at Melleray Seminary, on exhibition day the students gave a dramatic entertainment, and previous to their departure for the midsummer holidays were presented by the Lord Abbot with the prizes awarded them for proficiency in their various studies. The students assembled in the study hall to the number of 150. When the Lord Abbot, who presided at the entertainment, arrived he was greeted with applause. There were also present the Rev. Father O'Brien, P.P., Cappoquin; Rev. W. Sheehy, P.P., Aglish; Rev. Mr. Sheehy, president of St. John's College, Waterford; Rev. W. Walsh, vice president; Rev. J. Coghlan, C.C. Lismore; Rev. B. Hackett, Rev. Thomas Moeckler, Canon Kearney, Moate; Rev. P. O'Connor, P.P.; Rev. P. Ryan, Mullinahone; Rev. J. Lyons, Mitchelstown; Rev. J. Carroll, Piltown; Kilkenny; Rev. Mr. Kearney, Rev. M. Ward, Clonbeg; Rev. Mr. Gibbons, and others. The entertainment was of a high class character, and opened with a choral march, "Ring Out Each Voice a Noble Lay," by the class.

and an instrumental duet by Miss M. C. Croft and Miss Power, both items, as well as the other musical performances, being under the direction of Prof. Power, organist of the Cathedral, Clonmel.

PRESIDENT OF QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

Mr. J. W. Slattery, to whom a very wide-spread rumor has assigned the presidency of the Cork Queen's College, is a native of the diocese of Waterford, and was educated in its Catholic college. He is married, and has resided for some years in New York, but has recently taken up his residence in Ireland. He is a brother to Mr. Henry Slattery, chairman of the National Bank, and another brother is the Rev. Father Slattery, vicar provincial of the Franciscan Order in Australia.

CONNAUGHT.

A POLICEMAN'S CASE DISMISSED.

At the petty sessions court held recently at Portlanna, Mr. Hickson, R.M., presiding, Thomas Hayes, a merchant in the town of Portlanna, was charged at the prosecution of District Inspector Wade for unlawfully assaulting and making use of threatening language towards Constable Murphy while in the discharge of his duty. Evidence having been given contradicting the assertions of the constable, the magistrates dismissed the case.

GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The golden jubilee of the Very Rev. Monsignor McLoughlin, P.P., V.G., Kiltullagh, Ballinlough, was celebrated by the clergy of the diocese of Tuam. The venerable priest was presented with a check for £300, which he handed over towards the foundation of a bourse in Maynooth College.

EJECTMENTS.

There were seven ejectments on behalf of the Marquis of Clanricarde against his tenants for trial before the recorder of Galway at Gort. Of these four, including two ejectments on the title, were dismissed with costs. Mr. Graham, solicitor, appeared for the marquises; Mr. Bodkin, instructed by Mr. Brady, for the tenants.

RE-ELECTED.

Col. O'Hara has been re-elected chairman of the Galway harbor board, for the ensuing year.

DEATHS.

The death is announced at Galway, of Mrs. Josephine Bowler, widow of the late George Bowler, solicitor, of Ballinacree, at the age of 23 years.

On the morning of June 17th, the body of a man was found on the pier near Meant Bridge, Wales, and subsequently it was identified as that of a man named Allen, from Ballaghaderreen, who had a ticket to Liverpool. There is no doubt he fell out of the train. His skull was fractured, and he was quite dead when found.

ACCIDENT.

An accident, resulting in the breaking of a principal leg bone, happened to Miss O'Shaughnessy, aunt of P. J. Davy, J.P., Woodberry, on June 16. Though serious, the break is not so much so as to prevent the restoration of the lady to her usual activity in a short time.

PASSED EXAMINATION.

Henry M. A. Murphy, son of the late Thomas Murphy, Esq., merchant, Tuam, has passed the final examination for the profession of solicitor, held in Dublin on May 19 and 20. Mr. Murphy served his apprenticeship with J. W. Blake, seasonal crown solicitor, Galway, and intends to practice there.

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION.

The ceremony of religious profession took place in the Convent Church of the Discalced Carmelite Fathers, Loughrea. The young man who renounced the world to embrace the severe life of a Carmelite is George Lillis (in religion Brother Paul of the Cross). His parents are among the most honored and respected inhabitants of the town.

APPOINTMENT CANCELLED.

When Miss McHale was lately elected schoolmistress of the Westport Union workhouse, the local government board cancelled the appointment on the ground that she was not "a classed" teacher.

CORPUS CHRISTI.

The solemnity of Corpus Christi was a gala day in the parish of Inismagragh, Drunkerrin. High mass was sung by Very Rev. James Dolan. Miss Rogan presided at the harmonium, and several beautiful solos were rendered by Miss Byron.

OPEN ON SUNDAYS.

The Galway town commissioners have thrown open the Square for the people's enjoyment on Sundays.

DEATHS.

June 12, Mary, wife of Patrick Donnellan, Strokestown, mother of Rev. B. J. Donnellan, St. Peter's, Athlone, of Roger Bonaventure, Convent St. Clare, Galway, and of Sister Mary Josephine, Convent of Mercy, Ballyvaughan, aged 73 years.

At the Cloce, Killala, aged 60 years, Anne Elizabeth Jackson.

On June 7, at Castlebar, Elizabeth Sweeney, aged 92.

The death of one of the community occurred at the Convent of Mercy, Sligo. The name of the deceased religious was Miss O'Shea (in religion Sister Canice) a native of the county Kilkenny. Her illness, consumption, extended over a long period.

William Moore, farmer, and a sub-collector of county cess, 65 years of age, residing at Ballyvaughan, was found dead in the kitchen of his own house recently. Deceased had been out through the fields a short time previously.

ULSTER.

SHADOWING THE PRIESTS.

A Carrickmacross correspondent writes that Father O'Connell was shadowed on Sunday at Corduff before and after celebrating mass. "Shadowing" also attended at Coroneagh, Magheracloone, and Donaghmoynagh chapel.

ONE TENANT REJECTED.

Six families on the estate of John H. Sweeney, Carrowcannon, Falcarragh, were evicted. A slight resistance was made by one of the tenants, Peter Coyle, but he was quickly overpowered.

LEAGUE CONVENTION.

A convention of delegates from the National League branches of the county

Fermanagh was held at Enniskillen to make arrangements for the coming revision. Mr. T. Harrington, M.P., who was the principal speaker, in apologizing for the non-attendance at the convention of some of the members representing northern constituencies, said that the attendance of every member in the house of commons was absolutely necessary at the present time. They knew not what moment it might not be possible for them to strike a very effective blow at their opponents. He urged the necessity of working hard at the registration, as the general election would, he thought, be certain to come next year. The government appeared to be just like the men on a runaway coach—looking for a soft place to fall on.

CHURCH DEDICATION.

The new Catholic church of the Sacred Heart, Old Park road, Belfast, erected at a cost of £20,000, to meet the growing needs of St. Patrick's district of the city, was dedicated in presence of a large congregation.

BELFAST'S NEW MARKET.

The new covered market in May street, Belfast, was formally opened by Mr. David Corbett, J.P., chairman of the corporation market committee.

IRONDRESSERS STRIKE.

Forty irondressers of Messrs. Harland and Wolff's shipbuilding yard came out on strike last night for an increase of 2s per week in wages.

ASSISTING EMIGRATION.

Mr. Tuke gave evidence regarding Irish emigration before a committee of the house of commons on colonization. He believed that if 20,000 persons were sent out from Donegal every year much good would be done. At a meeting at the Duke of Bedford's house during the chief secretaryship of Mr. Forster, £3,000 was subscribed to assist Irish emigration, and 1,500 persons were sent out of Ireland.

ROWING CONTESTS.

The rowing contests under the auspices of the Derry Rowing Club developed into a disgraceful row. Two crews, named Foyles and the City of Derry, fouled, and quarrelled repeatedly. They ultimately belabored one another with their oars in a savage manner.

AN IRISH DIAMOND.

The only real, and, consequently, valuable diamond found in Ireland was picked up by a little girl on the margin of the Conbrook stream, county Fermanagh, in 1816. It is now in the family of Sir Victor Brooke, and is set in gold which was found in the county Wicklow.

DEATH OF FATHER MCCONVEY.

We regret to announce the death of Father McConvey, which took place on June 11 at his residence, Ann street, Newtownards. The reverend gentleman had a sharp attack of paralysis, and sunk gradually till he died. He was born in Dunstons parish in 1837, and was for twenty-six years parish priest of Newtownards.

"On Lack of Conscience as a Means of Success."

The following closes an editorial in the *July Century* with the above title: "The fact is that there is altogether too much reverence for rascals, and for rascally methods, on the part of tolerably decent people. Rascality is picturesque, doubtless, and in fiction it has even its moral uses; but in real life it should have no toleration; and it is, as a matter of fact, seldom accompanied by the ability that it brags."

"One proof the smart rogue is not so smart as he thinks, and as others think, is that he so often comes to grief. He arrives at his successes through his knowledge of the evil in men: he comes to grief through his ignorance of the good in men. He thinks he knows 'human nature,' but he only half knows it. Therefore he is constantly in danger of making a fatal mistake. For instance, his excuse to himself for lying and trickery is that lying and trickery are indulged in by others—even by some men who make a loud boast of virtue before the world. A little more or less of lying and trickery seems to make no difference, he assumes—especially so long as there is no public display of lies and tricks—for he understands that there must always be a certain outward propriety in order to insure even the inferior kind of success he is aiming at. But, having no sensible conscience to guide him, he underestimates the sensitiveness of other consciences—and especially the sensitiveness of that vague sentiment called 'public opinion'—and he makes a miscalculation, which, if it does not land him in the penitentiary, at least makes him of no use to his respectable allies; therefore, of no use to his semi-criminal associates; therefore, a surprised, miserable, and vindictive failure."

OBITUARY.

MR. JAMES FORDE. Mr. James Forde, of No. 359 Centre avenue, died very recently after four weeks' illness. Mr. Forde was accidentally thrown from his wagon some time ago and received internal injuries. He was born in Rabane, parish of Ardahan, county Galway, Ireland, in the year 1837. He was a brother of the late patriotic Rev. John Forde, P.P., Kildorrery, county Clare, Ireland and half brother of the late Father Birmingham of St. Bridget's church, San Francisco, Cal.

During his illness Mr. Forde was frequently visited by Rev. P. Murphy, S.J., and was well prepared for the eternal life. He bore his sufferings heroically, and when the final summons came, surrounded by his loving wife and affectionate children, he calmly and peacefully passed away to his reward. Mr. Forde was a devout Catholic, and a warm-hearted and faithful friend. He was a genuine lover of Ireland, and was a kind husband and father. The funeral took place from his late residence to the Jesuit church, on Monday last. The Rev. Father Murphy officiated as celebrant. Rev. Father O'Kelly, of Breston, Ill., as deacon, and Father Bettey, S.J., as sub-deacon, together with full choir. At the conclusion of the service, Rev. Father O'Kelly, who was a personal friend of the deceased, paid a glowing tribute to the character and virtues of Mr. Forde, and gave much

consolation to his afflicted and sorrowing family. The beautiful casket, covered with elegant floral tributes from his numerous friends, and from Court Fidelity, Independent Order of Foresters, of which he was an old member, was thence taken to the hearse, and followed by a large concourse, to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul depot, and then to Calvary cemetery. The following gentlemen acted as pallbearers: Daniel Birmingham, Thomas Rowan, Thomas Faurey, Thomas Finegan, P. J. Howard, and Patrick Lyons.

NASHVILLE HIBERNIAN SOCIETY.

The Members Will Attend the St. Patrick Dedication. [Nashville American.]

There was a very large attendance of members at the meeting of the Hibernian Benevolent Society Sunday afternoon. James Killelea presided and much business was transacted in the interest of the society. A letter was read from the Rev. T. C. Abbott, inviting the society to participate in the ceremonies of the laying of the cornerstone of the new Catholic church of St. Patrick, in South Nashville, next Sunday afternoon, at 5 o'clock. The society agreed unanimously to turn out and attend the laying of the cornerstone of the new church. All members of the society were urgently requested to meet at their hall next Sunday afternoon, July 13, at 3:30 o'clock. The society then adjourned.

PERSONAL.

Chicago recently lost a respected citizen in the death of Mr. James Farrell, the florist.

Mr. and Mrs. P. Clancy and Mr. M. McNamara, of Englewood, will sail per steamship "City of New York" on the 16th inst for a brief trip to Ireland.

Mr. John J. Schwarz, of the office of Francis F. Colby, the well known lawyer, leaves Chicago Sunday evening for a professional trip to the south of England.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for Consumption. My timely use of numerous of the hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy gratis to any of your readers who have Consumption if they will send me their Express and P.O. address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

Notice.

The Wisconsin Central lines are now selling special Ten Ride Club Tickets between Chicago and Fox Lake, embodying railroad, omnibus and steamer coupons for Ten Dollars (\$10). City Office No. 205 Clark street. Depot, corner Harrison street and Fifth avenue.

LAKE EXCURSIONS.

To St. Joseph and Benton Harbor, Mich., on the elegant new steel side-wheel steamer "City of Chicago" and the "Paritan," leaving Chicago daily at 9:30 a.m., returning to the city at 8 p.m. the same day. Fare for this excursion trip, \$1.00. This is the finest trip offered Chicago people. Fine hotels, fishing, bathing and beautiful drives. A steamer also leaves Chicago at 9:30 p.m. daily, close connections are made at the sister cities with the Chicago & West Michigan Railway, Cincinnati, Wabash & Michigan Railway, and Vandalia Line. Make dates for excursion parties early. GRAHAM & MORTON TRAVELING COMPANY, Dock at the foot of Wabash avenue.

This Interests Teachers.

The coming annual meeting of the National Educational Association, to be held at St. Paul, July 8 to 18, 1890, promises to be one of the most interesting events in the history of education in this country. Thousands of teachers and their friends will be present, and the most noted educators of the land will seek to promote the cause of education in the most fitting manner. The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, which stands without a superior, will make exceedingly low rates upon this occasion, which every body can take advantage of. This route is exceedingly popular with the traveling public, and guarantees the best accommodations. No finer cars are built than those running on this line. Its smooth track, fast time, safety, comfort and convenience commend it to teachers and all others. Any information concerning rates, time of trains, etc., cheerfully furnished by agents of the company, or by W. R. Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

If you want to send money to your family in Ireland you should check it at the White Star Line office, 54 South Clark street. The place is considered the best and cheapest in the West. There is no discount on their checks.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

On the evening of June 15 the dead body of a man was found on the strand at East grove, about five miles from Queens town, and was identified as that of Patrick Mitchell, of Ballinlough, county Roscommon, who arrived in Queenstown on the 27th of May, for the purpose of emigrating to Philadelphia on the 29th. It appears that the unfortunate man had no relatives in Ballinlough the members of his family having left the locality before he did. Mitchell's wife and two grown up sons are living in Chicago for some years past. The two little sons were forwarded to Philadelphia on the 5th of June.

THE BOOK OF THE DAY!

Extracts From Leading American Newspapers in Regard to "Warpath and Bivouac," by John F. Finerty.

East, West, North and South Unite in Praise of the Stirring and Martial Story of the Indian Wars.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIONS.

[Brooklyn Eagle.] "No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptions of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[Scranton (Pa.) Truth.] "Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the greatest merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[New York Times.] "It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.] "The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romantic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.] "The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

A ROMANTIC AND LIVING INTEREST.

[Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.] "The handsome volume entitled 'Warpath and Bivouac' just published by the Hon. John F. Finerty of THE CITIZEN, fully realizes in the interest of its narrative and the brilliancy of its style all the high expectations formed of its merits by a perusal of its advance circulars. The periods covered are the Big Horn and Yellowstone Expedition of 1876 and the campaign on the British border in 1879. The story of these stirring events is enhanced by the vivid anecdote and personal charm of Mr. Finerty's gifted pen."

Aside from the delightful entertainment furnished by the recital of the author's thrilling experiences, the volume has an historic value as being a faithful account of what will in all probability be the last great Indian war to take place on this continent. The power of the Redmen was broken in these campaigns and there after their war cry was destined to fade more and more into the echoes of romantic fiction and legendary story. Hence there is a delicious and living interest in the narrative of Mr. Finerty.

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING.

[John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.] "In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic is that line has been written since Irving's stirring narrative of 'Astoria' and 'Corytain Bonnevilles' Adventures.' It is no slight praise, and yet no undeserved praise, to mention Mr. Finerty's book beside those fascinating volumes. . . . It has the advantage of being written at first instead of at second hand, with the touch of nature only to be found in such narratives."

NO BOOK GIVES MORE THRILLING EXPERIENCES.

[Irish-American, N. Y.] "No book ever written about Indians does their heroic qualities more justice than does the one under notice; and no book ever written—not even a novel—gives more thrilling experiences, recounts more half-breath escapes, or portrays more vividly the horrors and hardships of an Indian campaign. Its author, although a newspaper correspondent, was in reality a soldier; he had his choice either to go with the command as a volunteer, or not to go at all. Every one that went with it had to take his full share of all the hardships and dangers. No other newspaper correspondent went through such dangers and hardships as Mr. Finerty did. He can boast of having done what no other man of his profession did; the commonest private in the ranks went through no more danger than he did. His book is, therefore, the most interesting of any of the kind ever written."

USEFUL AND FASCINATING.

[St. Louis Republic.] "The writer, who is a newspaper veteran of the first rank, has avoided a sensational style, and tells his story in a straightforward, manly fashion, like one who has seen the dangers recited face to face, and been thereby impressed with the stern reality of such hard experiences. Yet the anecdotes and reminiscences of camp life interwoven into the narrative brighten it up, and the whole makes a work that is at once useful as history and fascinating as a narration of the most stirring adventures that it is in the lot of any man to go through."

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[Edinburgh (Scotland) Scotsman.] "Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull. He may be said to have been the last of the great war chiefs able to oppose for a season by craft and courage the march of the white man; for although there have been and will be, desultory fighting towards the Mexican frontier, these Apache raids do not attain the dignity of Indian warfare. The episode of the last Sioux war had touches of romantic and dramatic interest to its close."

FULL OF FIRE AND ENTHUSIASM.

[Irish World.] "Warpath and Bivouac. The work, which has just been given to the public under the above title, is ably written, and its descriptions are full of the fire and enthusiasm of Mr. Finerty, who is himself of martial mold and evidently delighted in the dangers and deeds of bravery in which he himself acted a conspicuous and honorable part, and the story of which he tells with the familiar knowledge of personal observation."

TERMS:

"Warpath and Bivouac" comprises two parts in one octavo volume of over 400 pages, with Map and Illustrations, in two styles of binding, Half Morocco, Gilt Edges, at \$3.50 per volume; and Extra Fine, Silk Finished Cloth, with Marble Edges, at \$2 per volume. All subscriptions and orders should be sent to JOHN F. FINERTY, 79 DEARBORN-ST., CHICAGO,

WHEN MALLOWES ARE IN BLOOM.

We'll wander down the beach again,
When mallowes are in bloom;
Through verdant wood and flowery lane,
When mallowes are in bloom;
We'll talk of summers long ago,
Of joys and hopes we used to know,
And set the old time fires a glow
When mallowes are in bloom.

'Twas here we met each other first,
When mallowes were in bloom;
And here our youthful fancies nursed,
When mallowes were in bloom;
And now they seem in Nature's bower
For evermore to make the hour—
For love attained its perfect flower
When mallowes were in bloom.

The meadows seem with jewels set,
When mallowes are in bloom;
The ocean wears a caruncle,
When mallowes are in bloom;
The husbandman his sickle wields,
Each breeze a thousand perfumes yields,
And we are in Elysian fields,
When mallowes are in bloom.

Lost visions are restored to us,
When mallowes are in bloom;
And we, renewed, exalted thus,
When mallowes are in bloom,
Forget the present grief and pain,
And down the beach and through the lane,
Like two young lovers, stroll again,
When mallowes are in bloom.

—New York Ledger.

THE STOLEN PASSPORTS.

I was just settling down for a quiet evening by the stove when an orderly threw the door open and rushed into the room.

"Capt. Sasha, a dispatch!" he cried, handing me one of those little official blue envelopes which I knew so well.

I tore it open and read the contents: To Capt. Sasha, Commander of Frontier Station on the Vistula.

Detective Ivan Brosky and Vladimir Pogran. They will reach you shortly.

—GEN. JORKA.

"A bad night for travelers to be on the road," I could not help thinking, for the rain was falling in torrents.

I was commander of the Russian frontier station at Dama, which lies on the great high road between Russia and the Austrian city of Cracow, and only a half mile distant was the river Vistula, which divides the dominions of the Emperor Francis Joseph and the dominions of the czar.

It was my duty to examine the passports of all travelers coming either way, and to scrutinize their luggage, to see that no Russian products were smuggled into Austria, or vice versa.

For the last few days there had been little to do. Warm weather—unusual at this time of year—had set in, and the roads were in bad condition for traveling.

The dispatch I had just received had been brought on horseback from the nearest telegraph station, nearly five miles distant, and from the signature at the bottom I knew it must be a matter of some importance, for Gen. Jorka was the minister of police and his very name a terror to evil doers.

I instructed my men to watch the roads with extra care.

The evening wore on slowly and at midnight no one had arrived. I came to the conclusion that the expected travelers had either been apprehended before they reached the frontier or had postponed their journey on account of the bad weather, so I determined to go to bed and enjoy a good night's rest.

The wind and rain kept me awake a long while, and just as I was about dropping off into slumber the sound of sleigh bells woke me up again, and in a moment or two a sharp tap at the door summoned me down stairs. I dressed and went down.

Two travelers were waiting to see me, two big, powerful fellows, wrapped up in furs and greatcoats, which they kept closely buttoned, for the fire had gone out. I judged at once that these were the men I wanted, though their clothes and furs gave evidence of wealth and refinement their faces hardly seemed to accord.

But a surprise was in store for me. When they handed over their passports I found, to my consternation, that they bore the names of Alexis Zamose and Sergius Melikoff, and were properly stamped and signed.

To hide my confusion I made some inquiries, and they very frankly informed me that they were merchants of St. Petersburg, who were going to Cracow on business.

"Had they met any person on the road?" I inquired.

"Yes," said the smooth faced man, "they had passed two men early in the evening, but their horses seemed to be lame, and they were moving very slowly."

I hesitated a moment, and then ordered an examination to be made of their baggage—a proceeding to which they offered no objection. Everything in their valises, however, was all right, and their linen and toilet cases were stamped with their initials.

I felt that I had no authority to detain them, and yet I hated to see them go, for I had a presentiment that all was not right. To add to my suspicions the man with the beard was nervous and agitated, a fact which he did his utmost to conceal.

I knew too well, however, what would be the result of a blunder committed through excess of authority, so I determined to be on the safe side; and after a delay, which I stretched out as far as possible, I told them they were free to proceed.

I escorted them to the door, where a low, one-seated sleigh awaited them, drawn by a pair of horses which I saw at a glance had been hard driven.

At the last moment I had half made up my mind to detain them, but with a hasty salute they stepped into the sleigh and drove rapidly eastward, where dawn was already dappling the sky.

There was no use in going back to bed, so I went in and stirred up the fire and sat down to smoke a cigar and wait for daylight.

Now that it was too late I felt sorry I had let the men go, for the more I thought over it the more certain I felt that there was something wrong about them. It had stopped raining and begun to blow up cold, and I saw that it would probably be a busy day.

I had already finished breakfast when

a tramping of horses and a tinkling of bells drew me to the door, and to my surprise, I saw bearing rapidly down upon the station a small detachment of mounted cossacks, surrounding a sleigh with two men in it, who I made sure were the parties I was looking for, an opinion which seemed to be verified when they drew up, for the men were rather rough looking fellows, and wore heavy cloaks of coarse material, and great astrachan caps, that came forward over their ears. I was soon undeceived.

"These travelers claim to have been robbed, captain," said the cossack officer, saluting. "They will tell you their story, and, meantime, we await your orders."

The travelers hurried inside, and I followed with a sinking heart.

"We are the victims of an infamous outrage, sir," said one of them. "My name is Alexis Zamose, and this is my friend, Sergius Melikoff. We were journeying to Cracow, and while passing through the forest last evening two armed strangers in a sleigh overtook us, and, overpowering us, they took all our possessions, made us give up our furs in exchange for these wretched garments and stole our passports, and then cutting our horse loose they drove him off in the darkness and took flight. On foot we made our way back to the nearest village, and were so fortunate as to fall in with these brave soldiers, who procured us a horse and accompanied us thus far on our journey."

With inward rage I listened to this strange tale, realizing only too clearly the mistake I had made, and my feelings may be imagined when the man handed me two folded papers, saying: "These, sir, are the passports the villains were so considerate as to give us in exchange for our own."

I tore them open. They were made out to Ivan Brosky and Vladimir Pogran.

"The rascals have escaped!" I cried angrily. "They passed through not two hours ago, and I dared not detain them."

"And is it too late to overtake them," cried Alexis Zamose.

"Too late. They have crossed the Vistula an hour ago."

"The government shall atone for this," the two men cried together. They would see if travelers were to be robbed with impunity on the czar's high road.

I was vainly endeavoring to pacify them, when a soldier entered the room.

"Captain," he said, "the Vistula has risen. The bridge was carried away at daybreak."

"Those two travelers?" I demanded eagerly. "Did they get across in time?"

"No, captain. They started for the upper bridge."

"Then we'll have them yet!" I cried. "Call out the guard at once. Don't lose a second."

I buckled on my sword, seized my cloak and hat, and rushed to the door, where my horse already awaited me.

My own men were mounting in haste and the Cossacks sat motionless in their saddles.

A moment more would have seen us off, when a solitary rider came in sight far up the road, and presently reined up before us, panting and breathless.

"Orders from the czar!" he cried, vaulting from the saddle. "Have Ivan Brosky and Vladimir Pogran passed this station?"

I briefly explained the situation.

"They must be arrested at all hazards!" he cried. "They left St. Petersburg with forged passports. It was discovered only yesterday."

"And who are these men?" I asked.

"They are Shamernin and Kharkoff," replied the messenger. "The assassins of Gen. Orlov."

It was of grave importance, indeed, that they should be captured, and mounting in haste we dashed away at full speed, leaving the czar's messenger to enjoy the comforts of the station, for he had been riding all night and badly needed rest.

Our course led eastward to the Vistula and then turned off to the south, following a rugged and little traveled road through the hills, which led eventually to another bridge over the Vistula, some twenty miles farther down the stream. It was bad enough for a horseman; for a sleigh it was terrible.

I rode in advance, side by side with Capt. Karaman, the commander of the Cossacks.

We thundered at headlong speed over the frozen ground, sure of our prey—for on the road before us, fast freezing in the morning air, were the tracks of hoof and runner imprinted in the slush.

At intervals through the hill gaps we caught sight of the Vistula, a turbid, yellow mass, swirling past with its burden of floating ice.

We must travel still faster. The upper bridge was a heavier, more solid structure, little likely to be carried off by even such a flood as this. We must overtake them before they reached it.

We drove the spurs into our panting horses and the forest and barren hillsides shot past us in one flying panorama as we galloped like the wind over the frozen ground, rounding bend after bend, only to see the same empty, glittering stretch of road fading in mockery into the frosty atmosphere.

Furlong on furlong, mile after mile, and still they kept ahead with a speed that seemed incredible.

"Look!" cried Capt. Karaman under his frosted beard. "The tracks are still soft. We shall soon see them."

Straggling houses came in sight, and the people ran to their doors in wonder as we swept past like a whirlwind—Karaman's Cossacks of the Volga, somber and stern in their great black cloaks and shakos; my dragons a trifle more picturesque, with their green uniforms and waving plumes.

We galloped through the little village of Kaban—only five miles now to the bridge—and as we swept round the brow of a hill in the distance we saw a black speck on the frozen road.

Even as Karaman pointed it out it vanished over a ridge. We thundered on in hot pursuit, losing sight of it sometimes, but all the while steadily gaining, until, from a vague dark object, it assumed shape and form, and we could plainly make out a sleigh and two horses.

With fierce joy I saw it drawing closer

and closer. They were lashing the horses with furious desperation, but the poor brutes were fast giving out.

Barely a quarter of a mile lay between us now, and that distance was diminishing very rapidly. We were going down a gentle slope, when suddenly Capt. Karaman cried: "The bridge! Do you see the bridge?"

Crossing the road far ahead of us was a gleaming bit of water spanned by a narrow wooden bridge. It was not the Vistula, but a puny mountain stream—one of the tributaries of the Vistula whose existence I had forgotten.

It was possible, I thought, to overtake the assassins before they could reach it; and even if we failed it mattered little, for the Vistula was still a mile or more away. We swept over the icy ground at a dangerous speed, and I felt like shouting out with triumph, for the sleigh was running slower and slower and the capture of the men seemed certain.

I called to them to surrender, but they made no reply, though they must have seen how hopeless their situation was.

The bridge was very close now, and I saw at a glance that it was giving way, for the stream was high and swollen, and great cakes of ice were crushing against the wooden piles.

"Look out, they are going to fire," cried Karaman, suddenly. And as he spoke the smooth faced man half rose in his seat and, turning round, pointed a gun directly at us. I heard the report and felt the whiz of the bullet past my ear. Then came a puff of white smoke and a second shot; and with a cry of pain the Cossack behind me sprang up from his saddle and rolled down on the icy road, while his riderless horse reared with fright.

"The scoundrels!" hissed Karaman through his set teeth. "If only I dared fire on them!"

But this was exactly what we dared not do. They must be taken alive at all hazards. In the excitement I had forgotten all about the bridge, and closing up we dashed on in rapid pursuit.

The assassins had nearly reached the edge of the stream now. The bearded man was playing the whip savagely, and his companion was standing, gun in hand, holding his fire apparently until we should come a little nearer.

Faster and faster—and now the stream was before us, a raging, roaring torrent, flashing by with terrible velocity, and still the fugitives madly lashed their jaded horses.

An instant more and the panic stricken brutes dashed upon the swaying, trembling structure; and then, with a mighty crash and blinding cloud of spray and snow, bridge, sleigh and all crumbled into the torrent; and with a terrible effort we checked our trembling horses on the very brink.

For a moment I could see nothing, and then Karaman pointed out the two assassins huddled together on a great cake of ice that was whirling rapidly down the stream. The horses and sleigh were nowhere to be seen.

A peasant was speedily found who led us through the forest to the shores of the Vistula, at a point close to the mouth of the tributary stream.

On the other side rose the Austrian military station, but no trace of the assassins could be discovered; and, from the swollen condition of the river, I believed it impossible that they could have been saved. Capt. Karaman was of the same opinion, so we gave up the search, and rode back to the station. The Cossack who had been shot was not fatally injured, and gave promise of recovering in a few weeks.

I made out my report and forwarded it to headquarters, and a fortnight later I was exonerated from all blame, much to my relief, for very unjust and arbitrary decisions are sometimes made in such cases.

What their fate was I never certainly knew. Long afterward an Austrian traveling to St. Petersburg informed me that Shamernin and Kharkoff had been seen in Vienna, and were supposed to be editing a revolutionist journal; but I have grave doubts of the Austrian's veracity, and in my opinion the two assassins perished in the icy waters of the Vistula.—New York World.

Cultivation of the Affections.

It is a common remark in extenuation of the inconvenience of not having very much money that people of ordinary fortune can eat as much as millionaires; and if we find that we can love as easily and as extensively on small incomes as on greater ones, we may safely consider that we have the better of the rich again. Perhaps we can; wealth offers so many diversions that sometimes the pleasure there is in loving is overlooked.

The impression certainly exists that great riches have a tendency to clog the affections; and great inequalities of fortune are a barrier between man and man, not insurmountable but appreciable. Love is personal, and very great possessions almost inevitably throw personal qualities into shadow. We love men for what they are, not what they represent.

We cultivate the muscles because it is fun to use them, and because it brings us the happiness that comes of health. For like reasons we make a business of the cultivation of our minds. How simple it is of us to neglect to the extent that most of us do the systematic cultivation of our hearts.—Scribner's.

Two Veteran Merchants.

Mr. Horace G. Tucker, senior member of the firm of J. L. Fairbanks & Co., who is still in active business, has been in the same store for fifty-four years.

N. P. H. Willis has been sixty-two years in one store, 52 and 54 North Market street. Mr. Willis began there in the summer of 1828.—Boston Journal.

"But There Are Things."

"Never cry over spilt milk, dearest." Penelope—But if the milk happens to be condensed and you get a cold slab or two on your new skirt!—American Grocer.

Mlle. Louise Michel says she looks back with much pleasure upon many of the days she spent in prison. "They are, in fact," she adds, "among the happiest days of my life."

ABOUT THE MOUFFLON.

A FEW NOTES UPON A CURIOUS GUEST OF KEEPER HOLMES.

The Moufflon Has Large Horns to Be Used as Air Cushions—He Can See the Wind—It Appears Red to His Gentle Eye—Several Theories of Mr. Holmes.

The keepers in the Central park menagerie are all men of considerable intelligence, and many of them hold valuable and entertaining theories regarding the animals under their charge. It is not easy for an outsider to learn what these theories are, but they come out gradually on better acquaintance. They are usually the result of long experience worked upon by a bold imagination.

Keeper Holmes, who has looked after deer and camels for about twenty-six years, propounds some of the most valuable of these theories.

There are in the deer house a male and a female Sardinian moufflon. By the way, the keepers do not speak of a male or a female animal, but of a lady or a gentleman animal. For instance, they say "That's a lady hippopotamus," or "That's a gentleman hippopotamus."

One Friday the lady moufflon presented her gentleman with a new small moufflon of the male sex.

The baby moufflon was seen by the writer soon after his appearance in this world. He is well cared for by his mother. He is very small and very plump. His mother is an extremely affectionate animal, and puts a warm, damp nose against the hand of anybody who puts it within her cage.

The moufflon is the subject of one of Keeper Holmes' theories. The animal is variously called the Sardinian or the Corsican moufflon, or the muffle, and scientifically the ovis musimon. It is a sheep, and one of the many varieties of wild sheep.

HOW THE ANIMAL APPEARS.

The specimens in Central park stand a little more than two feet high and are very gracefully formed. They have not the goatlike tuft under the chin possessed by some wild sheep.

The moufflon is found in the mountains of Sardinia, Corsica, Southern Spain, European Turkey and in various Mediterranean islands. It closely resembles the Rocky mountain wild sheep, but is prettier.

The moufflon has wool and hair like any other sheep. The wool comes next to the skin and the hair outside the wool. As everybody should know the great difference between wild and domesticated sheep is that the former have more hair and less wool, and the latter less hair and more wool. The wool is developed and the hair decreases after domestication.

The moufflon's wool is of a yellowish white and his hair of a light chestnut color. It is gray on the muzzle, the abdomen and the inner side of the thighs, and white on the under side of the tail. The hair grows thinner in summer.

The moufflon has a very bulky forehead just over the eyes. Its head is long and intelligent looking. Its muzzle is compressed.

The gentleman moufflon has immense, hollow horns. They are triangular. They bend backward in a semicircle, and take another small twist before they come to points. The bases of the horns occupy almost the entire forehead above the bumpy part mentioned.

There is something very interesting connected with these horns. The moufflon is one of the most difficult animals to shoot or catch. He is very timid, very swift, and can take refuge in places inaccessible to man. His horns serve him for defense very seldom, however, and principally as a means of escape.

TRICKS TO HIS HORNS.

The moufflon can see the wind or the scent of a man coming—in what way will be explained later. It is his custom to stand on the edge of a precipice and watch the approaching wind or foe. When he thinks it time to get out of the way he takes a dive, apparently to his inevitable destruction. As a matter of fact, he alights on his immense horns, which causes him to bounce off the ground a few feet into the air. Then he alights comfortably on his feet.

One voracious sportsman relates that he had got within easy shooting distance of a moufflon when the animal took his customary dive. Great was the sportsman's surprise when, after a few minutes, he saw the moufflon reappear on the spot whence he had dived.

In his fear the moufflon had taken such a hard dive that he bounded back to exactly the place which he had left. Then the sportsman shot him easily, of course.

The moufflon has a remarkably fine and large blue eye. It is with this that Keeper Holmes' theory is connected.

The eyes are situated at the side of the head, and, not unnaturally, are very wide apart. The animal can look in front, to the side and behind without moving his head. Of this there is no possible doubt whatever.

Keeper Holmes says that the moufflon can see the wind, which has a red color to him and varies in redness according to its velocity. The fact that he is afraid of anything red goes to prove this. All animals, says Mr. Holmes, which can see the wind are timid, and so should we be if we could do so. Can it be that this theory would account for the mental distress of gentlemen who see things which others cannot? The moufflon, according to Mr. Holmes, can see other sights and smells other smells of which we are entirely unconscious.

It should be said that he is borne out more or less in his theory by scientists. Sir John Lubbock has recently found out that his ants are conscious of several colors unknown to men. The same thing is true of many other animals in regard to smells.—New York Evening Sun.

No Fiction Wanted.

Little Boy—Uncle, won't you tell me a story?

Genial Uncle—Certainly, my boy. What kind of a story?

"Oh, any kind, only so it's true. Tell me about Jack and the Beanstalk."—New York Journal.

Long at Speech on Record.

The longest speech on record is believed to have been made by a member of the legislature of British Columbia named De Cosmos. It was in the interest of the settlers who were to be ousted from their lands. De Cosmos was in the hopeless minority. The job had been held back until near the close of the session; unless legislation was taken before noon of a certain day the act of confiscation would fail.

The day before the expiration of the limitation De Cosmos got the floor about 10 a. m. and began a speech against the bill. Those in favor of the bill cared but little for what they supposed would be an hour or an hour and a half speech from De Cosmos, thinking that on its passage as soon as he was through. One, 2, 3 and 4 o'clock came; still De Cosmos talked as though he had ages in which to finish his remarks. At 6 o'clock he produced a fearful bundle of evidence; then, for the first time, a suspicion of the truth dawned upon the majority—De Cosmos intended to speak until noon of the next day, the time for adjournment, and thus kill the bill.

They tried to shout him down with their frequent and noisy interruptions, but soon saw that that only gave him a chance to digress and make his talk less laborious. At midnight the members slipped out to lunch and returned only to fall asleep in their seats; still De Cosmos went on. Day dawned over the sleepy assemblage with tired looks and bloodshot eyes, still the settlers' hero kept the floor. Six hours more of talk and noon, the hour of adjournment, came to the baffled majority; a single man had triumphed. His lips were cracked and his chin smeared with blood from the cracks; he tottered and fell from sheer exhaustion, but the land was saved. De Cosmos had spoken twenty-six hours.—St. Louis Republic.

A Fan with Modern Improvements.

A very odd thing in fans was brought from London as a present. This fan is a filmy affair of gauze stretched in a black frame and is the most simple and innocent looking of the fan species when it is folded up and lies demurely on a lady's lap or reposes peacefully upon her dressing table. But let a pretty woman unfold and hold it before her face, and the most incorrigible woman hater will become dimly aware that even his peace is menaced by the fine coquetry of the dainty weapon.

In the middle of the black gauze is set a tiny velvet half mask, through which a pair of merry, tawny brown eyes can do awful execution. The thin fabric upon which it is placed is distractingly becoming to the fair and delicate tints of hair and face, and the long, slender streamers, decorated with bow and sticks of sable velvet, are in strong and pleasing contrast to white, slender fingers.

This is what a man will see in the Kendal fan—called so because Mrs. Kendal invented and patented it—but look you now what follows and you shall learn what a woman finds in the dainty toy when she investigates its true inwardness. On one side of the outer stick is a small oval mirror set above a velvet bow, in the loops of which dangles a little black satin bag as round and only a trifle larger than a French franc. It contains a morsel of a powder puff. In an unsuspected crevice behind the mirror are three hairpins. On the opposite side of the fan a clasp holds in place a wee pencil, glove buttoner and folding scissors, and in a groove are stuck half a dozen pins, while a miniature vinaigrette is stowed away at the conjunction of sticks, streamers and soft fingers.—Exchange.

Moral Cowardice of Women.

Take a seat at a popular dress counter in any one of the large dry goods stores of New York, and if in the space of one hour you do not see and hear ten sublimated prevaricators it will be because trade is slack, the season is over or the weather out of joint. Of every twenty shoppers who stop at the counter to examine the dress patterns fully fifteen will retire with a little falsehood on her lips. Either she will "come in again," "send her dressmaker to buy it," "come right back" when she picks out a wrap or looks over another line of cloths, or "think about it and send you a postal."

Not one woman in a thousand has the bravery to say, "I don't like it," or "It is too expensive." They don't seem to understand that it is nothing to the salesman whether she takes it or not, that he is paid to show the goods, and that as a patron of the store she is entitled to command his services. So great is the moral cowardice of the semi-educated class that they will take a dress pattern, have it sent home C. O. D., only to be returned by the delivery clerk marked "not at home" or "not wanted."

To Purify the Breath.

The freshest of fresh eggs and lemon juice, sugar, almond oil and rose water, mixed with utmost care and cleanliness, stirred and beaten for hours upon hours, smelling delicately as if a rose had been dipped into it some time, should make a tempting cosmetic to create beauty or restore it to itself.

We all feel the charm of "balmy breath" that doth almost persuade justice to breathe her sword, and this bottle of clear red liquid, with a few drops poured in a glass of water, will so purify the breath and all within the lips that one need not mind how closely the hearer's attention hangs upon them. The same liquid is sovereign for dyspepsia, and reduces the interior to an amiable state very quickly.

It is nice to have something one can depend on to neutralize the breath from a decaying tooth in that state where the dentist cannot work at it, or undo the effects of a sleepless night, which never fails to leave the breath affected. A few drops of such a tincture will often prevent the toothache which comes of eating sweets. In short, a really good tooth wash is the first of cosmetic necessities.—Shirley Dare in New York Herald.

A Clock Louis XVI. Made.

It is stated that some of the Rothschild family have purchased at the high figure of \$40,000, or about £33,000, the identical clock manufactured by the royal hand of the ill-fated Louis XVI. in the days when he was more actively and congenially employed in his workshop than in his council chamber. This curious timepiece for a long time was a historic heirloom in the possession of an English family, and it has been bought at St. Petersburg.—Paris Cor. London Telegraph.

A Wife's Devotion.

Young Husband—My dear, some of my garments are sadly in need of buttons. Young Wife—Yes, my love, I noticed that, and have sent for my mother. She is a splendid hand at sewing on buttons.—New York Weekly.

We Are Not to Blame.

In a family, too, we often find a girl censured and ridiculed because she is excitable and flighty, or a boy perpetually nagged and slighted because of his slowness and stupidity. A diseased nervous system or a slow moving brain are qualities for the possession of which no man or woman is responsible.

"It is not," says Madame de Preyere, "for the things which God has given me that I should be loved or hated, but for my own use or abuse of them."—Youth's Companion.

Quite Another Question.

"Dora," said Harry, tenderly, "how soon will you marry me?"

"Oh, in about three years," replied Dora carelessly.

"I asked you how soon, not in how long," complained Harry.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Knowing.

Dick—What a tremendous lot of candy to send to a girl—and a homely one at that!

THE YEARS THAT WOULD NOT STAY.

The years! The vanished years! The cycles swing
With their majestic sweep and bear away
The shrouded sea, the years that would not stay.

The years! How would their vistas seem to me
If I could traverse them just as they were
Bathed in the light that never was on sea
Or shore! The blossom garlanded parterre

Is but a lane all fenced fringed that strays
By meadows daisy filled in memory;
And through the silences the skylark's lays
Drift to my heart in strands of melody.

O blooming, blisful orchard aisles, it seems
The smell of lovely pink white blossoms floats
Through mist and distances that were my dreams,
Commencing with the oriole's wondrous notes!

O happy harmonies, that never let
The dulcet strains drop to the minor key!
O happy heart that has no string as fret,
No painful strain in all its minstrelsy!

The years! They dawned and waned with shift
And shine,
And seem in retrospect o'erclouded
With skies forever blue, and smiles divine
Beaming from heaven with songs accompanied.

O land that lies afar! O time that seems
A vision fair of blissful Arcady,
Where in childish moods and maiden dreams
Found hidden lines, unwritten poetry!

O years! No summing-up or yearning plea
Avalis to stay far flight, or reason one
Halcyon season, save as memory
In holy arid holds it for her own!

—Rosaline E. Jones in New York Sun

WHAT ENERGY HAS DONE.

Some Celebrated Examples of How Hard
Work Leads to Fame.

Twenty-five years ago a few young
men in London resolved to meet every
evening to exchange ideas. The num-
ber gradually increased till it was neces-
sary to hire a room. Growing ambi-
tious, they hired lecturers, and many
people were brought together. Many of
them now trace back their success to
this effort at gaining knowledge.

Indefatigable industry coupled with
the desire for knowledge produced great
results. Walter Scott, when he was in
a lawyer's office, spent his evenings in
study. John Britton, the author of
architectural works, said: "I studied my
books in bed on winter evenings, because
too poor to afford a fire." He used every
opportunity to read; the books he picked
up for a few moments at the book stalls
helped him, he says. Napoleon had in-
defatigable perseverance and energy. Dr.
Livingstone at the age of 10 years, work-
ing in a factory, bought with his first
wages a Latin grammar, and studied it
until 12 at night. He studied Virgil and
Horace the same way, and finally en-
tered college and was graduated.

Many will ask how they can advance
themselves in knowledge. The first thing
is determination; the next perseverance.
Walter Scott gave this advice to a young
man: "Do instantly whatever it is to be
done, and take the hours of recreation
after business; never before it." Busi-
ness men often say, "Time is money."
But it is more than that to the young man.
If used rightly it is self improvement,
culture, strength and growth of
character. The habit of idleness is a
hard one to get rid of. The habit of
reading anything and everything is weak-
ening to the mind. Books chosen and
read with care cultivate the mind and
character. The books you read should
raise your thoughts and aspirations,
strengthen your energy and help you in
your work. Thackeray says: "Try to
frequent the company of your betters.
In books and in life frequent that learn
to admire rightly. Note what great men
have admired; they admire great things;
narrow spirits admire basely and worship
meanly."—Christian at Work.

Queer Doings of a One Eyed Cat.

There is an old cat in Cobham, a sub-
urb of Athens, that lately called forth
much interest from its owners by its
mysterious behavior. Since the late de-
structive cyclone at Louisville and other
western cities, carrying in its mouth
death and destruction, this Cobham cat
has grown quite a curiosity in the feline
tribe. Every time it thunders, and dark
clouds roll over the canopy of heaven in
a manner that threatens a storm, the cat
begins to tremble piteously, and screams
in the most weird and frightful accents
of its tale of woe. When the lightnings
flash from cloud to cloud the cat's agony
seems to know no limit, and it rolls over
and over, yelling in the wildest way pos-
sible.

Even at the dead hour of night this
mysterious cat will rush frantically into
the room of its mistress when clouds ap-
pear and will scream in terror. The cat
is a large black animal and has but one
eye, the other having suddenly disap-
peared recently. The cat is the property
of one of the leading families of Cob-
ham.—Savannah News.

The Death Rate of Sailors.

It may be a surprise to many to learn
that statistics prove the sea to be safer
to live on than the land. The late Mr.
Thomas Gray, of the board of trade, mar-
ine department, London, says:
"I have always contended and am
more than ever confirmed in it that a
man is safer at sea than anywhere else
in a fairly good ship, properly manned
and carefully navigated, as the very
great majority of British merchant ships
are."

The death rate of sailors is under
twelve per thousand; the loss of life by
shipwreck is about a quarter of that; in
fact there are more lives lost among mil-
lions from accident than among sailors,
and many more among railway em-
ployees. With regard to the general
death rate, the fact that sailors, as a
rule, are healthy when they begin their
trade, and retire from it before old age
incapacitates them for other work, must
have a considerable, and probably mis-
leading, influence on the figures.—New
York Ledger.

More to Come.

A Missouri youth whistled at a prayer
meeting, and when rebuked he claimed
that he had been insulted and drew a
knife to carve some one. He was
knocked down with a chair and dis-
armed, but he and his four brothers
propose to see who runs the prayer meet-
ings in that neighborhood.—Detroit
Free Press.

Wonders

Are wrought by the use of Ayer's Hair
Vigor in restoring gray hair to its original
color, promoting a new growth, prevent-
ing the hair from falling, keeping it soft,
silkly, and abundant, and the scalp cool,
healthy, and free from dandruff or humors.
The universal testimony is that this prepa-
ration has no equal as a dressing, and is,
therefore, indispensable to every well-
furnished toilet.

"I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for some
time and it has wrought wonders for me. I
was troubled with dandruff and was rapidly
becoming bald; but since using the Vigor my
head is perfectly clear of dandruff, the hair
has ceased coming out, and I now have a
good growth, of the same color as when I
was a young woman. I can heartily recom-
mend any one suffering from dandruff or
loss of hair to use Ayer's Hair Vigor as a
dressing."—Mrs. Lydia O. Moody, East
Pittston, Me.

"Some time ago my wife's hair began to
come out quite freely.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

not only prevented my wife from becoming
bald, but it also caused an entirely new
growth of hair. I am ready to certify to this
desired result before a justice of the peace."

—H. Hulsebos, Lewisburgh, Iowa.

"Some years ago, after a severe attack of
brain fever, my hair all came out. I used
such preparations for restoring it as my phy-
sicians ordered, but failed to produce a
growth of hair. I then tried, successfully,
several articles recommended by druggists,
and all alike fell short of accomplishing the
desired result. The last remedy I applied
was Ayer's Hair Vigor, which brought a
growth of hair in a few weeks. I think I
used eight bottles in two years; more than
was necessary as a restorative, but I liked it
as a dressing, and have continued to use it
for that purpose. I believe Ayer's Hair
Vigor possesses virtues far above those of
any similar preparation now on the market."

—Vincent Jones, Richmond, Ind.

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O. R. 3127 State st. Wm. J. Graham, R. S. 179

E. 18th st. T. J. Magner, P. S. D. M. McKinley,

Treas. Dr. D. B. Sullivan, O. P. Meet in St.

John's hall, Twentieth st. and 11th.

St. James Court No. 7—A. F. Ferrigo, O. R.

2007 State st. Henry S. Newman, R. S. 3515

Butterfield st. W. J. Eiler, P. S. D. B. Quinn,

Treas. Dr. P. S. Macdonald, O. P. Meet 1st

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St. Joseph's Court No. 8—J. J. Lawler, O. R.

11 W. 11th st. Wm. A. Byrne, R. S. 337 Centre

av. Thomas J. Holland, P. S. Thos. G. Martin,

Treas. Dr. Jeremiah Mather, O. P. Meet 2d

and 4th Wednesday, Sodality hall, May and

17th st.

All Saints Court No. 9—Jos. A. Smith, O. R.

123 Napoleon place. B. B. Brady, R. S. 506

24th st. Thos. P. Williamson, P. S. J. Griffin,

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133 2nd st. James Drury, P. S. 133 2nd st.

Michael Moran, Treas. 35 Miller st. Dr. W. J. Clary,

O. P. 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday,

3 p. m., basement St. Mary's church, Wabash

av. and Eldridge st.

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5433 Hamilton st. J. B. McLaughlin, R. S. 3825

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17 Aberdeen st. M. J. Ryan, R. S. 971 Spalding

ave. George B. Valentine, P. S. Wm. J. Moody,

Treas. Dr. C. Hogan, O. P. Meet 1st and 3d

Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner

Adams and Halsted sts.

St. Margaret's Court No. 13—Thos. Bogers,

O. R. 481 W. Ohio st. D. B. Hansen, R. S. 533 W.

Adams st. M. O. Kane, P. S. J. B. shield,

Treas. Dr. P. H. Connolly, O. P. Meet 3d Sun-

day 3 p. m., last Friday 7:30 p. m., at Anchor

hall, Cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley,

O. R. 371 W. Taylor st. M. O'Connell, R. S. 383

W. 18th st. Dr. J. F. Jagger, Treas. Dr. J. E. Winer,

O. P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th

Tuesday.

St. Thomas Court No. 15—Thos. Mulvihill,

O. R. Woodlawn park. Thos. W. Gray, P. S. P.

Chambers, Treas. Dr. A. E. Garcon, O. P. Meet

1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood' hall, Hyde

Park.

St. Gabriel's Court No. 16—John Hunt, O. R.

Peter Quigley, R. S. John Hunt, P. S. J. B. Kelly,

O. P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 4th and

Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court No. 17—Somnauk,

III—Felix Meyer, O. R. John McManus, R. S.

38, Somnauk. Henry Treas. Dr. Edward Molitor, O. P.

Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

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O. R. 100 Hastings st. Philip Devlin, R. S. 261

S. May st. A. C. Clow, P. S. J. Lee, Treas.

Dr. T. P. O'Malley, O. P. Meet 1st and 3d

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av. P. Noonan, P. S. H. O. Latus, Treas. Dr. M.

H. McGrath, O. P. Meet 3d Sunday 4:30 p. m.,

4th Wednesday 7:30 p. m., in Aqua Park hall,

108th W. 11th st.

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O. R. 400 98th st. N. Pauly, R. S. 2013 West-

worth av. F. N. Moninger, P. S. M. W. Fols,

Treas. Dr. Emil Gileghann, O. P. Meet 1st

War and Yams.

War is a frightful thing under all circumstances, and some of the most dreadful wars have been waged on the most flimsy and foolish pretext, even if they had a pretext at all; but probably no stranger reason for war or peace was ever recorded than has been noted by a French governor of the South Pacific colony of New Caledonia.

This governor, who was also an admiral of the navy, assumed his authority while the natives of New Caledonia were still cannibals. There had been rumors of an insurrection, and the admiral called before him a native chief who was faithful to the French cause, and questioned him as to their truth.

"You may be sure," said the native, "that there will be no war at present, because the yams are yet far from being ripe."

"The yams, you say?"

"Yes. Our people never make war except when the yams are ripe."

"Why is that?"

"Because baked yams go so very well with the captives!"—Youth's Companion.

Cutting.

"I should think a man of his age would be too sensible to write to a girl in short dresses."

"You need not worry. He's too sensible to write to a girl with a short bank account."—Munsey's Weekly.

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Mr. Fangle (admirably)—What an exquisite carriage Mrs. Simcoe has!

Mrs. Fangle—Has she? Why, she's always walking when I see her.—Enoch.

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Pianos and Organs,
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Near Halsted

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Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed to lengths, \$6.50
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Attorneys.

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Choice Butcher a Specialty. All Goods
Warranted.

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Best Brands of Flour, Choice Butcher a
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in successful use more than 40 years. A positive
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Prostration, Constipation and all diseases of
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Unsurpassed for Producing a Clear Complexion.
A botanical compound, put up in packages
and sent by mail at one-third the cost of ordinary
medicine. Large packages, sufficient for
3 quarts, \$1.00; half-size packages, sufficient
for 1 quart, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.
A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

KNIGHT BOTANICAL CO., 222 Broadway, N.Y.

DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 57 WASH-
INGTON-ST.

**ESTATE OF JOSEPH BURNS, DE-
ceased.**—All persons having claims
against the estate of Joseph Burns, de-
ceased, are hereby notified and requested
to attend and present such claims to the
Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for
the purpose of having the same adjusted at
a term of said court, to be held at the
Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago,
in said Cook County, on the third Monday
of August, A. D. 1890, being the 18th day
thereof.

THOMAS W. BARNETT, Clerk.
Dated Chicago, June 23, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.



Perfectly Well.

Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 1, 1889.
Miss K. Finnigan writes: My mother and sister
used Pastor König's Nerve Tonic for neuralgia.
They are both perfectly well now and never tire
of praising the Tonic.

Several Cases Cured.

Pittsburg, Pa., May, 1889.
The wellknown Rev. Pastor A. J. Z., who
readily gives his name on request, writes us: An
organ under my care suffered from epilepsy for
four years, which had advanced very far, but
three bottles of Pastor König's Nerve Tonic
cured him entirely.

Another boy suffered from cramps in such a
degree, that he became violent at times and en-
dangered his own life. Treatment in several
hospitals by competent physicians gave only
temporary relief, but after using several bottles
of Pastor König's Nerve Tonic he was cured en-
tirely, and has been well and healthy ever since.
Our pamphlet for sufferers of nervous dis-
eases will be sent free to any address, and
poor patients can also obtain this medicine
free of charge from us.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend
Pastor König, of Fort Wayne, Ind., for the past
ten years, and is now prepared under his direc-
tion by the

KÖNIG MEDICINE CO.,
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50 West Madison, cor. Clark St.
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
Price \$1 per Bottle. 6 Bottles for \$5.
W. C. SCUPHAM, 63 State St.
E. H. HELLER, 3023 Archer Av., Chicago.



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Manufacturer's Agent.

THE ORIGINAL INSTALLMENT JEWELER.

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cures. Highest testimonials. Money re-
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with full directions. Address: BRYAN G.
McSWYNN, Sole Agent for United States.

**SIR DOMINICK CORRIGAN RHEUMATIC
REMEDY CO.,**

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Send for if you order through your druggist
he will send you this INFALLIBLE REMEDY.
TAKE NO SUBSTITUTES.
AGENTS WANTED.

M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81
CLARK-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK
vs. Probate Court of Cook County.
To the August Term, A. D. 1890. In the
matter of the application of Esther Seery,
Administratrix of the estate of Margaret
Seery, deceased, vs. Patrick Seery, James
Seery, Mary Seery, John Seery, James
Seery, Thomas Seery, and Jeremiah Seery.
Petition to sell real estate to pay debts.
Affidavit of the non-residence of John
Seery, defendant above named, having been
filed in the office of the clerk of said Probate
Court of Cook County, notice is hereby
given to the said John Seery that the
petitioner, Esther Seery, Administratrix
of the estate of Margaret Seery, de-
ceased, has heretofore filed her petition in
said Probate Court of Cook County, praying
for a decree for the sale of said real estate
belonging to the estate of said de-
ceased, or so much of it as may be needed
to pay the debts of said deceased, and de-
scribed as follows, to-wit: Lot Fourteen
(14) in sub block Four (4) in 'later E. Har-
rison's subdivision of Block One (1) and
Two (2) in the subdivision of Section Nine
(9) Township Thirty-nine (39) North
Range Fourteen (14) east of the third prin-
cipal meridian in the County of Cook and
State of Illinois, and that a summons has
been issued out of said court against you,
returnable to the August Term, A. D. 1890,
of said court, to be held on the third
Monday of August, A. D. 1890, at the Probate
Court room, in the City of Chicago,
in said Cook County.

Now, unless you, the said John Seery,
shall personally be and appear before said
Probate Court of Cook County, on the first
day of a term thereof, to be held at
Chicago, in said county, as aforesaid, on
the third Monday of August, 1890, and
plead answer or demur to the said com-
plaintant's petition filed therein, the same,
and the matters and things therein charged
and stated, will be taken as confessed, and
a decree entered against you, according to
the prayer of said petition.

THOMAS W. BARNETT, Clerk.
M. E. Ames, Complainant's solicitor, Room
6, 81 Clark-st.

**DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 57 WASH-
INGTON-ST.**
ESTATE OF DAVID DUNNE, DECEASED.
—All persons having claims against
the estate of David Dunne, deceased, are
hereby notified and requested to attend
and present such claims to the Probate
Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the
purpose of having the same adjusted at
a term of said court, to be held at the
Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago,
in said Cook County, on the third Monday
of August, A. D. 1890, being the 18th day
thereof.

MAURICE J. DUNNE, Administrator.

Dated Chicago, June 13, 1890.
David Sullivan, Attorney.

I CURE FITS

When I say cure I do not mean merely to stop
them for a time and then have them return again.
I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease
of FITS, EPILEPSY, or FALLING SICKNESS a
life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the
worst cases. Because others have failed is no
reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at
once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infa-
lible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.
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ROOT'S PURGATIVE PILLS cure
all Blood Diseases, Constipation and Biliousness.

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3-Lb Cans Solid Meat Tomatoes
At 5 Cents Per Can.

During This Week We Will Also Sell:

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Sweet Chocolate, per cake..... 3 cents
40 bars Standard Family Soap for \$1.00
A 2-lb can Blueberries for..... 3 cents
A 2-lb can Blackberries for..... 3 cents
A 3-lb can Asparagus for..... 5 cents
Pint Mason Fruit Jars, each..... 5 cents
Quart Mason Fruit Jars, each..... 6 cents
1/2 Gallon Mason Fruit Jars, each..... 8 cents
Jelly Glasses, each..... 2 cents
Green Japan Tea, per lb..... 19 cents
Gunpowder and Oolong Tea, lb..... 19 cents
Fancy B. F. Japan Tea, per lb..... 25 cents
9 lbs Pure Ground Coffee for..... \$1.00
6 lbs Roasted Rio Coffee for..... \$1.00
4 lbs Attar Dinner Java for..... \$1.00
Jolly Tar Toilet Soap, per cake..... 2 cents
Toilet Paper, per roll..... 5 cents
Persian Insect Powder, per lb..... 25 cents
1-lb package Corn Starch for..... 5 cents
1/2-gallon Jar Laundry Bluing..... 20 cents
A 5-lb box Best Laundry Starch..... 28 cents
Mexican Hygienic Cocoa, a tin..... 12 1/2 cents
Whole Cloves, per lb..... 15 cents

PICNIC GOODS.

Potted Ham..... 15 cents
Potted Chicken..... 15 cents
Potted Turkey..... 15 cents
Potted Tongue..... 15 cents
2-lb cans Corned Beef..... 17 cents
2-lb cans Roast Beef..... 15 cents
1-lb cans Lobster..... 19 cents
1-lb cans Salmon..... 9 cents
1-lb cans Cove Oysters..... 10 cents
Ham Sausage..... 10 cents
Fancy Mixed Pickles..... 20 cents
Cress & B. Jams..... 21 cents
Keller's Marmalade..... 19 cents
Prepared Mustard..... 5 cents

CRACKERS.

XXX Sodas..... 5 cents
XXX Batters..... 5 cents
XXX Ginger Snaps..... 9 cents
XXX Lemon Snaps..... 10 cents
Honey Jambies..... 12 1/2 cents
Keller's Crackers..... 12 1/2 cents
Cream Crackers..... 10 cents

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Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour, per brl..... \$5.28
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mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we
will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every
taste.

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Price 25 cents per pound, with large
reductions to liberal consumers. Country
orders for 5 pounds and upwards only
will be filled.

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Best Sample Tea..... 30c
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Fine Teas, all kinds..... 25c
Fancy Teas, all kinds..... 35c
Best Japan in the World..... 50c
Best Teas, all kinds..... 60c

WHY PAY MORE?

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CHICAGO, ILL.

**M. E. AMES, ATTORNEY, ROOM 6, 81 S.
CLARK-ST.**
**ESTATE OF GEORGE M. MITCHELL, DE-
ceased.**—All persons having claims
against the estate of George M. Mitchell,
deceased, are hereby notified and requested
to attend and present such claims to the
Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for
the purpose of having the same adjusted at
a term of said court, to be held at the
Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago,
in said Cook County, on the third Monday
of July, A. D. 1890, being the 21st day
thereof.

CHARLES S. EVELAND, Administrator.
Dated Chicago, May 16, 1890.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in
first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for
heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending
visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention
to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as
possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends
itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc
of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

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In conjunction with the Erie System, operates DAILY, FAST, VESTIBULE TRAINS TO
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NO RIVAL LINES OFFERS THE ADVANTAGES OF A SYSTEM OF THROUGH FIRST AND
SECOND CLASS PULLMAN VESTIBULE DAY COACHES AND DINING CARS, CHICAGO TO
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Drawing Room Sleepers, Dining Cars and
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kee, Wis.

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kee, Wis.

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